# Saturday Review

September 26, 1964 25¢

RECORDINGS

Evgeni Scherbakov in "Distant Planet," which the Leningrad Kirov Ballet is introducing on its current American tour.

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1

*Tom showed me an essay he wrote for school—"What the Presidential Election Means to Me."*

*Fascinating, I'll bet.*

2

*He says that during the campaign period there is an "increased amount of bickering" between me and your brother.*

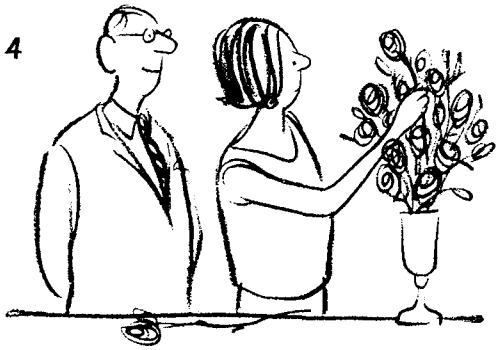
*You must admit you always bring up politics whenever Myron drops in for a social evening.*

3

*He also points out that there's "a good deal of quibbling" between you and my mother.*

*Eavesdropper.*

4



*He concludes by saying that we should all exercise our right to vote because it guarantees a continuation of our form of government as well as a secure future for all of us.*

*Sometimes I worry about our future.*

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5

*Well, we do our part. We vote. We pressure our friends. We complain about taxes.*

*I mean our personal future.*

6

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*I just wish you wouldn't keep calling Myron "politically immature."*

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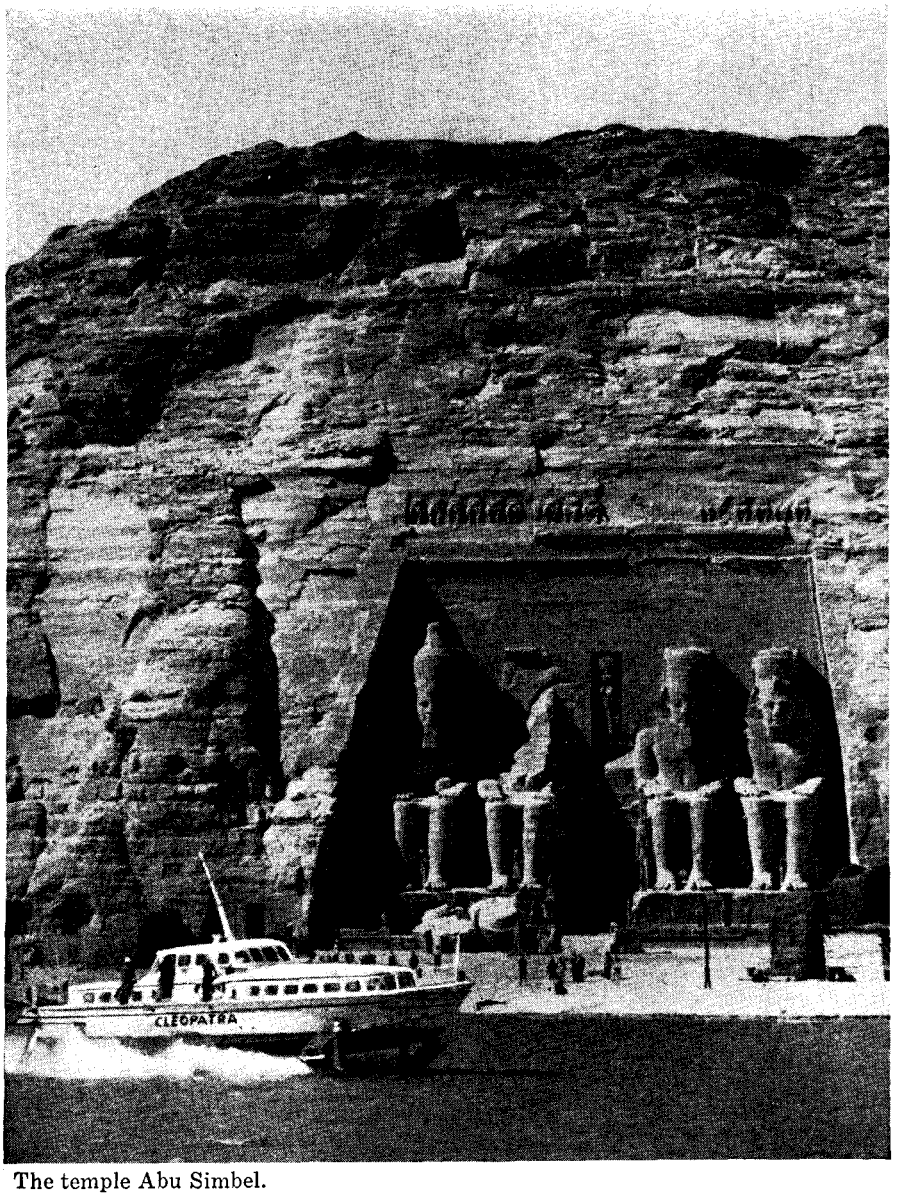


The temple Abu Simbel.


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# *Saturday Review*

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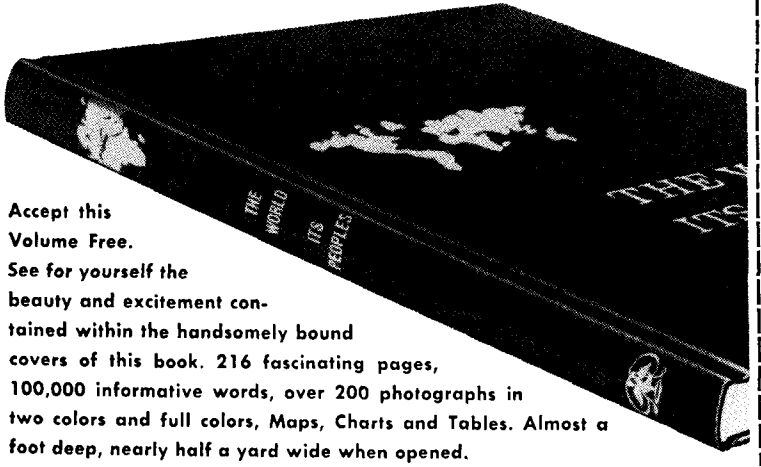


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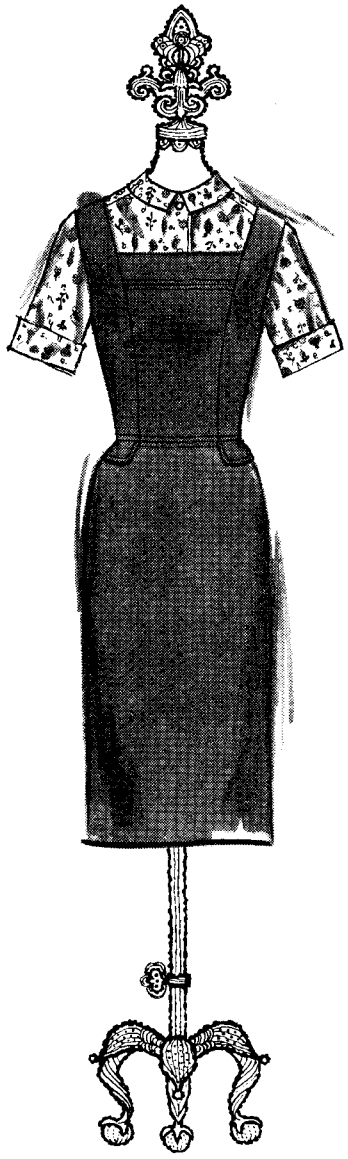

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Edited by Martin Levin

## The People? No!

Bobby goes to gather votes
Among the carp and haddocks;
Hubert visits steers and goats,
And Lyndon's in the paddocks.
Kenneth rides a bike a mile
To fasten down a shy vote—
Even gulls get Barry's smile—
But no one asks for my vote.

—Edward Eliscu.

## The Stover Boys Almost in Space

"LET'S build a rocket and fly to the moon!" said Tom Stover.

"A jolly idea!" cried Dick.

"Bully!" ejaculated Harry Stover, somersaulting twice to give vent to his feelings.

So it was that the Stover boys built their Moon Rocket, using some old tomato crates and borrowing a lot of gunpowder from old Mr. Fibberly, who had planned to blow up his house for the insurance. Since the rocket was not big enough to hold all three, they drew lots. As luck would have it, Tom won. The others took their disappointment with good grace.

"Tom will represent us all three!" declared Dick.

"And a splendid job he will do!" affirmed Harry.

Tom hung his head modestly. Then with a cheerful smile and a fluttering heart he mounted into the capsule. A small crowd had gathered and as Dick struck a match a cheer went up. Even Mr. Fibberly waved his cane.

"Hurrah!" cried Harry.

"Double hurrah!" yelled Dick. "And a double rocket!" he added, causing some merriment over his sharp wit.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the little band of brave experimenters. A stranger, wearing a sober gray suit and a severe countenance, approached the Moon Rocket. "Just what in tarnation do you think you are up to?" he demanded, biting on a lighted cigar.

"I am flying to the moon in our rocket," Tom replied courteously.

"We built it ourselves," explained Dick.

"With imagination and enterprise," elucidated Harry, a shade boastfully.

"I don't give a filigreed fig what you built it with," said the stranger roughly. "You can't fly to the moon without authorization. Has Congress voted you funds? Are you associated with NASA? Do you have clearance from the CAA? The Air Force? The AP? UPI? NBC, CBS, ABC?"

" 'No' will serve to answer your questions," answered Tom frankly. "We intended no disservice to our country, but acted out of boyhood's eternal quest for adventure."

"The spirit of the pioneers," volunteered Harry.

"The impulse to dare the unknown," chimed in Dick, blowing out the match which was burning his fingers.

"There will be no journey to the moon this day," grumbled the intruder. "Or it will be jail for you, my fine lads!"

"Jehoshaphat!" Tom was heard to mutter.

"Criminentlies!" chorused Dick and Harry.

"What a shame!" murmured Tom as he dismounted from the capsule. "After all our long hours of pounding and wiring and such. Here, sir, do take a look inside and see how well we have designed the interior."

The Government Man climbed into the capsule for a look, tossing away his cigar. It fell into the gunpowder and—"KA-BOOM!"—and "KA-WOOOOSH!" With a mighty roar and a streak of flame, the Government Man was off into space without authorization or clearance.

"Glory! What a splendid sight!" hollered Dick gleefully.

"Right on course," observed Tom coolly, for he was, as usual, level-headed even at such an exciting moment.

"He must be weightless by now!" exulted Harry.

"Our little project has not been a failure after all!" Dick avowed summarily, clapping the others on their backs.

"Though it's a pity," said Tom with a frown, "that one of *us* could not have made the journey."

But already he was planning a new adventure!

—Robert Streeter Aldrich.

## Typewriters I Have Known

TODAY I am going to break in my new Tower typewriter. I have used quite a few typewriters in my life. Did you ever see a blind Remington? Well, that was the first one I remember actually using. It was when I became a Morse telegrapher after having been a Postal Telegraph Co. messenger boy. The blind Remington, as I remember, was a very

(*Continued on page* 32)

## Room at the Top



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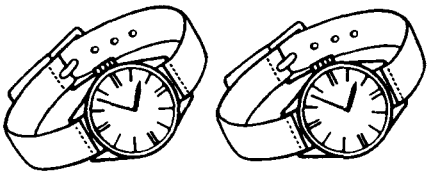
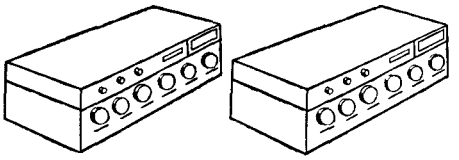
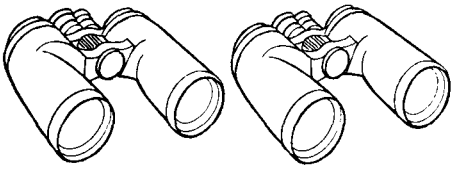
# Which should you buy?



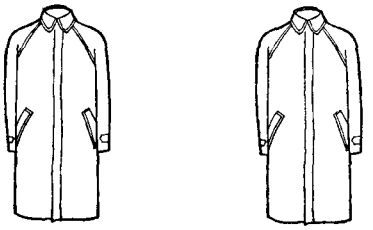
A man's wrist watch priced at $43.73 . . . **OR** another model priced at $94.05?



A stereo amplifier priced at $149.95 . . . **OR** another model priced at $249.50?



A pair of binoculars priced at $57.50 . . . **OR** a pair of binoculars priced at $87.00?



A water-repellent topcoat priced at $49.95 . . . **OR** a water-repellent topcoat priced at $29.95?

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- the binoculars priced at $57.50 were rated slightly higher in quality than a pair priced at $87.00. *(Possible saving: up to $29.50.)*
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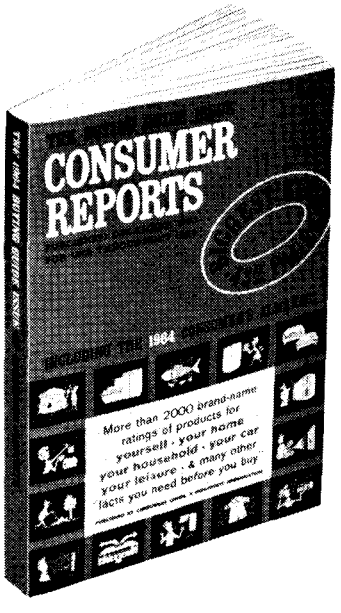
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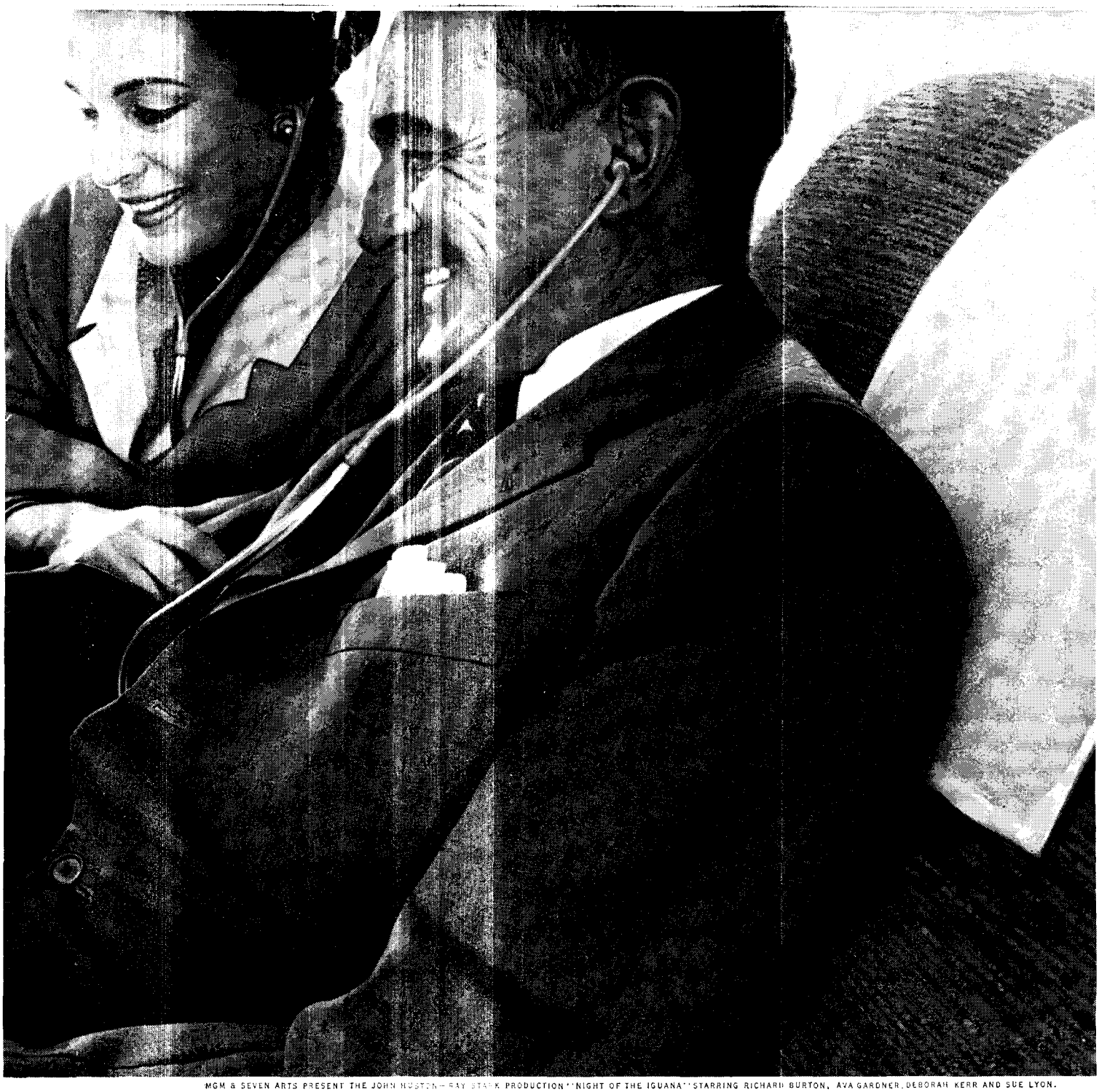

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(Astrovision, with its smaller screen and choice of entertainment, will not intrude, and never needs a darkened cabin. After all, a number of our passengers are businessmen with work to do.)

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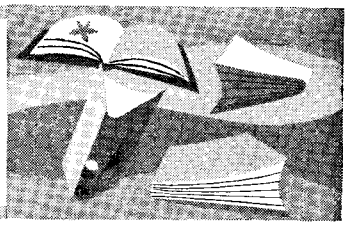
T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

# Trade Winds



**A lady was looking** around in a pet shop. She saw a very peculiar creature in a cage and asked the proprietor what it was.

"That's a crunchbird," he told her.

"A crunchbird? What's that?" she asked.

The man opened the door of the cage and let the thing out. He pointed to a chair and ordered, "Crunchbird! Chair!" The bird moved over and with one big crunch of its huge beak demolished the chair.

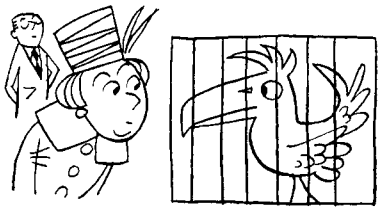
"I'll take it," the lady said excitedly.

"I'm sorry," the proprietor said. "It won't respond to female commands, only to a man's voice."

"I'll take it anyway," she insisted.

"What good will it do you?" the store keeper asked.

"Well," the lady said. "Tonight when my husband comes home from the office



he's going to see it and ask me, 'What's that thing?' I'm going to say, 'It's a crunchbird,' and he's going to sneer and say, 'Crunchbird, my foot!' "

**I've lost the envelope** in which her letter came, so all I know is that it happened in June somewhere. Nancy A. Norton had just given a test on symbolism in English literature, so at a year-end party her students reported that they had found these themes in their reading:

*Little Red Ridinghood:* Never trust your grandmother.

*Lady Godiva:* Only her hairdresser knows.

*The Emperor's New Clothes:* Much ado about nothing.

*Tom Jones:* Man lives not by bread alone.

*Snow White:* Beware of freaks bearing gifts.

**Here's another note** I've had around for a long time. It's from Hedda Fish. She says students of King Junior High School in Los Angeles played recently to a full house of proud parents with their dramatic hit, *Oedipus Rex*. The production featured a Greek chorus of twenty-one, an Oedipus with simulated blood, and a prologue summarizing the plot. Heard in the foyer following the performance: "A very cute play." Next on King's production schedule is *Life with Mother*.

**In the Oriental cuisine** department, Edward M. Anthony tells me of a restaurant ten miles from Bangkok that

conveniently features a trilingual menu, English, Thai, and Chinese. The English left much to be desired, but Anthony finally translated a few items: "As Paradus" was asparagus. "Curb meat" was crab meat. "Caric paper" meant garlic pepper, and "oil stairs" signified that oysters could be had. He ordered a "sandwnich."

**The following notice** appeared in the June 14 issue of the *Times* of London: "In Memoriam. Arnold—In respectful memory of General Benedict Arnold, who died June 14, 1801. Beloved by those who knew him and unfairly censured by a traitorous world. May an understanding God give him the honours deserved but denied in life. With deep admiration.—A.M."

**Ralph D. Jarvis** of Massachusetts dug up this extract from the will of Lewis Morris of Morrisania, New York, written in 1760:

It is my desire that my son, Gouverneur Morris, may have the best education that is to be had in England or America, but my express will and directions are that he never be sent for that purpose to the Colony of Connecticut, lest he should imbibe in his youth that low craft and cunning so incident to the people of that country, which is so interwoven in their constitutions that all their art cannot disguise it from the world."

**Sharps and Flats:** When your nose itches, it probably means you're going to kiss a fool or that company's coming. I asked for an interpretation of this ana-

(*Continued on page* 14)



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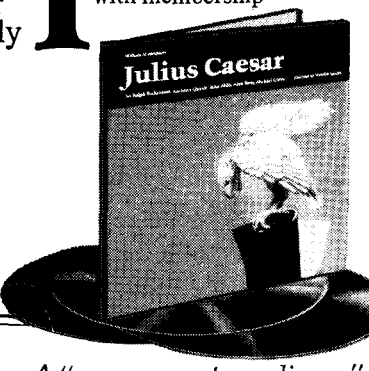


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*The* Shakespeare Recording Society

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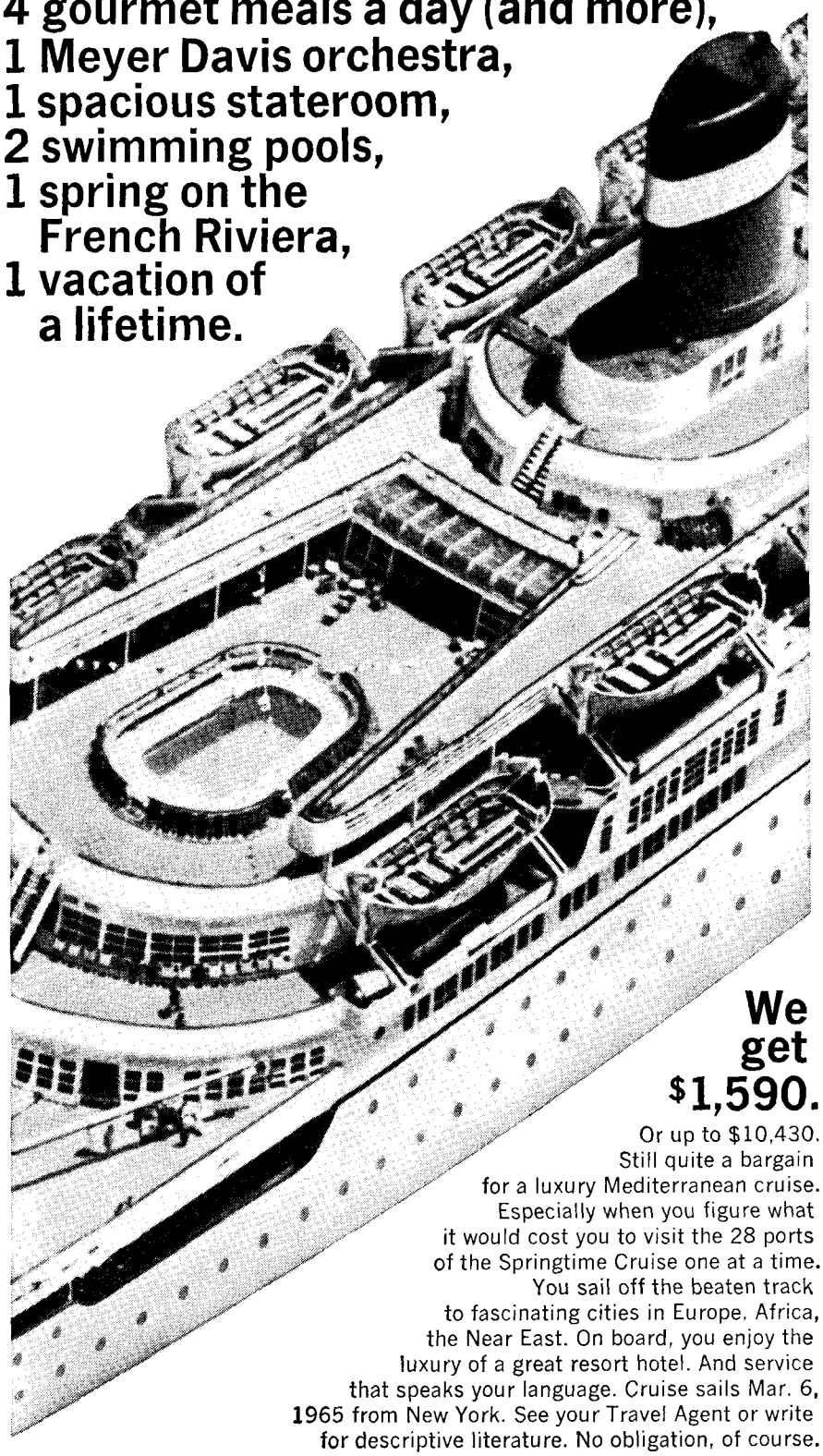

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(*Continued from page* 10)

tomical superstition in the August 1 TRADE WINDS and 304 people have explained it to me. There's a chance that an itching nose indicates you're going to have a fight, but this meaning runs a slow third to the other two. Please don't write me about it any more!

►George A. Rivers saw this sign in an Ann Arbor cafeteria: "Courteous, Efficient Self-Service."

►In Baltimore, there is said to be a thoroughfare called Charles Street Avenue Boulevard.

►When You've Seen One You've Seen 'Em All, by James B. Moore: New Year's

Eve in Times Square, the Folies Bergère, a Volkswagen, a film starlet, tapioca pudding.

►Matt Weinstock writes in the *Los Angeles Times* that a couple about to sail for South America received a bon voyage card signed jointly by Minnie Bravehearts, R. S. Leap, N. E. Deep, Sue B. Ware.

►Kenneth Harris says there used to be a signboard on Marietta Street in Atlanta, above a gas station and one block north of where the northbound highway took an obscure turn. The big sign read, "This Is the Wrong Road to Chattanooga." The fellow at the gas station said it brought him lots of business.

►In the Norfolk, Virginia, Public Library Margaret Mead's *Coming of Age in Samoa* is catalogued and shelved under "Travel." In the same library, where the mystery books have a red skull and crossbone pasted on the spine, Albert Camus's *The Stranger* sports this sticker. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1589)

P. MCGINLEY:
*TO THE END OF SUMMER*
(Suggested by F. J. Roberts)

Unstintingly I yield myself to Autumn
And Equinoctial Sloth.
I hide my swim suit in the bureau's bottom
Nor fear the fury of the after-moth.
Forswearing porch and pool and beetled garden,
My heart shall rest, my arteries shall harden. . . .
Summer, farewell!



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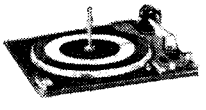

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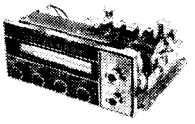

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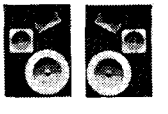

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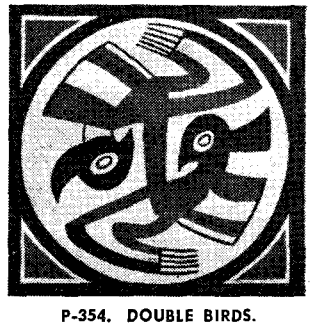

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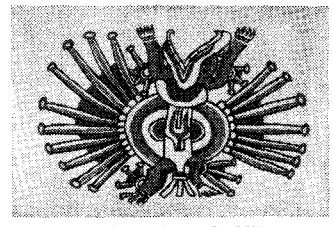

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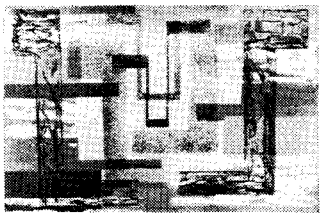

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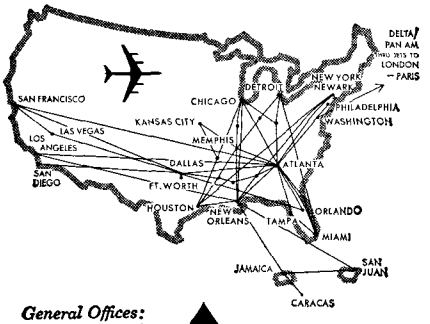


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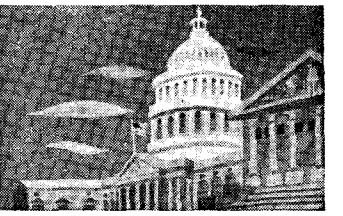
# State of Affairs



## The Democratic Team

THE Kennedy era, most people had assumed, had come to an end even before the Democratic convention in Atlantic City. And they assumed, too, that in President Johnson's eyes, at least, the Johnson era had begun.

Johnson, after all, in a surprisingly short time has succeeded in embossing his own initials on Washington. But however much he has already accomplished at the Presidential desk, however much the White House has changed from a little Versailles to a breezy barbecue pit, and however peacockish his manner at times, he is too shrewd a man not to realize that he is still only something like a roof superimposed on the edifice built by John F. Kennedy, and that he entered through the back door by fate and not by popular choice.

It is not surprising, then, that the man who says he "likes to own people" does not wish to live in a structure built and still owned, at least spiritually, by someone else; that he has now changed the motto which he appropriately gave to his Administration after he became President from "Let us continue" to "Let me begin." This, it seemed to me, was the key to the Democratic Convention.

It had all the Johnsonian earmarks and yet it was still not quite his very own convention. For the moment most delegates will remember all their lives, the moment they will tell their children about, was the showing of the film album of the Kennedy years and the sixteen-minute ovation for Robert Kennedy, who stood there in the sea of applause, his head bowed under the halo of his mourned brother. It was apparent that the Kennedy name still evokes a more spontaneous reaction than Johnson's.

It is therefore understandably human that this was an uneasy circumstance for a man as proud and as self-centered as Mr. Johnson to sustain, and that he wants and needs more—a smashing mandate from the nation.

President Johnson quite shrewdly and quite naturally assumes that in times of unsurpassed prosperity, and in a world where life on the brink does not offer the kind of "peace of mind" Americans yearn for, the best bet is to offer stability and moderation, wisdom and restraint, patience and responsibility and, of course, fairness to all. And at this stage, it is better to rest his record on the achievements of the past six months rather than try to break new ground. And those achievements, in terms of new legislation, in terms of the economy, in terms of having at least made no false move in foreign policy, and in terms of leadership generally, are impressive.

Lyndon Johnson knows he is not the type of man who can sweep the nation off its feet. And he suffers from what he considers the handicap of being a Southerner. Thus, in spite of the bursting self-confidence, the unconcealed vanity, the highflown self-esteem he must display, he is a man of many hidden insecurities. In view of all this, he must rely for his acceptance on achievements. He must play the card of long experience in government and in public affairs. And so he has come to the conclusion that the "image" he must project is that of the father figure—though he will never be an Eisenhower with a Texas lilt; for that he is too restless, too energetic, too much the doer. This attitude may not appeal to the liberals, but in a campaign against a Goldwater he probably feels they need no pampering.

Johnson's selection of Senator Humphrey for the Vice Presidency is somewhat of a deviation from his election strategy, which is to extend the Johnson political fish net as far and as wide as he can decently afford to do. Hubert Humphrey has always been considered a bit of a liberal bull in the china shop. But his horns have been blunted by years of running against various stone walls. Some have fallen before him, some on him, yet somehow he has always emerged chipper and full of optimism, ready to take on another obstacle.

When at the Democratic Convention in 1948 he shattered most of the windows with his fiery appeal for a stronger civil rights platform than President Truman was willing to concede, and when he read the riot act to the Senate in his maiden speech there, many people did not think much of his political prospects in Washington. Although I would not wish to draw any conclusions, Humphrey's progress reminds me of Britain's Ramsay MacDonald, whose political fortunes were considered nil when he turned conscientious objector in World War I. Yet he eventually made the Prime Ministership.

Humphrey's secret probably is that he enshrines the combination of the circumspect reformer with that of the skilled



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political practitioner, and in addition he has almost limitless energies, an immense capacity to absorb facts, and an insatiable curiosity. They are rare qualities, and they help to explain his success.

None of the Vice Presidential candidates President Johnson considered would have made much of a difference to the election campaign itself, according to various polls he had made. People vote for a President. But what could influence them, perhaps, and of course the fate of the nation—especially with a man who has had a heart attack—is the matter of who would be his successor. And President Johnson saw in Humphrey the best campaigner and the best-qualified man. He has the broadest experience in domestic and foreign affairs of any member of the Senate. He knows how to manipulate Congress; he is articulate (even overarticulate perhaps); he has lately been able to establish a friendly working relationship with Southern Senators; he is very much aware of all agricultural problems; and he is a thorough work horse. He may not quite project the image of being able to serve "all our people" as Johnson does, or likes to think he does, but he may provide the kind of spark Johnson will need to get the Johnson era off the ground.

It was Humphrey's panache, his ability to lift the spirit of an audience, that brought the focus of the convention back to Johnson after it nearly drowned in nostalgia from seeing the Kennedy film. He changed the mood almost with a flip of his fingers, and in a few seconds he had injected into the mass audience before him a new gusto for the present.

THE President's problem is that he is so much better a leader than he sounds; and I am not of course referring to accent, but to style and presentation, content, and the ability to convey how deeply engaged he feels in the welfare of this nation and the world. At the convention Johnson generously admitted that his program is still the Kennedy program. The methods, the style, the techniques, of course, are unadulterated Johnson. They must be, and the President's wish to eliminate anything that could divert attention from him is therefore not surprising.

Under the American system it is vitally important for the President to establish himself as the dominant authority. Feeling that he really deserved to become President, and not having Truman's modesty, he obviously finds it painful, in a way it never was to Truman, that fate rather than the ballot box opened the door to the White House. His yearning to see the Johnson Era ushered in is the more understandable in view of his deep urge to prove to history that a Southerner can unite the American nation.

—HENRY BRANDON.



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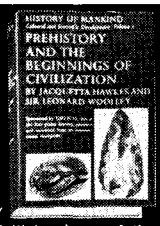

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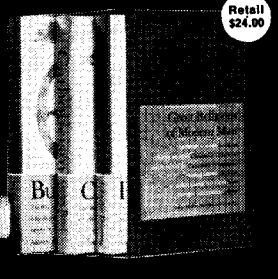

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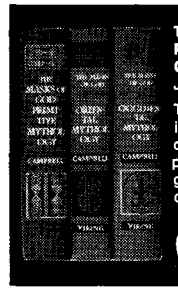

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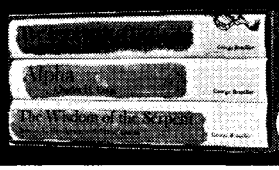

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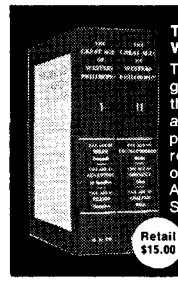

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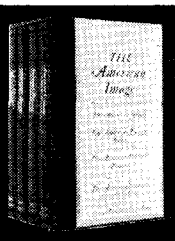

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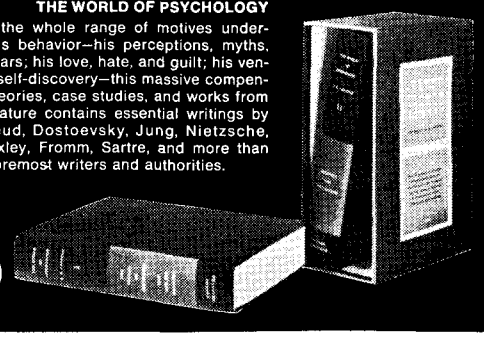

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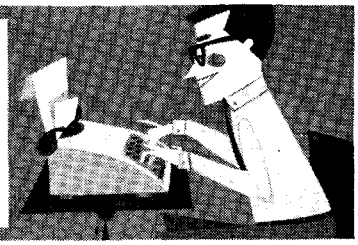

## Somewhere Over the Rainbow

A LETTER came this morning from the RCA Service Company of Camden, New Jersey, personal physicians to my TV set for many years. And not a moment too soon, because all summer my set has suffered an agonizing siege of the re-runs and now must be put into shape to receive all these new goodies the networks have been promising us.

What's needed most for more enjoyment of my TV set, the letter says, is a program of better-planned maintenance. Actually, what is really needed is a maintenance of better-planned programing. But the RCA Service Company promises only to give "complete protection to the parts and tubes of your color TV set." It does nothing for the parts and tubes of the vice presidents in charge of what we see on TV.

I've been doing business with this nice company a long time—about ten years, if my otiose memory serves me—even before color came into our spectrums. Every season this letter came, the bill for a year's service was paid in advance, and the parade through our apartment of the service men with their little black first-aid kits was constant. Skilled of hand, quick of eye, they turned a screw here, tightened a nut there, and breathed new life into our TV set. Then came color and I must say that nothing seems to help.

Oh, the men still come! Many of them think of our living room as their home away from home. The little lady plies them with colas and matches and entreats them not to lay their black tools on the white vinyl flooring. But their interest is color. And they fiddle and faddle with hidden knobs and tubes until they are satisfied that the color is in order again. Little do they know that when they leave and slam the door, even ever so lightly, the knobs and tubes fall back into disrepair and the color is drained from the cheeks of our set.

And do you know how their letter refers to this furniture phenomenon? "One of the miracles of the electronic age." Honest. I quote from their letter:

"Dear RCA Victor Color Television Owner," it begins. I've been doing business with them for many years. Wouldn't you think by now it would be simply "Dear Victor"?

To continue: "For some time now you have been enjoying one of the miracles of the electronic age—color television!"

The exclamation point is theirs.

"We trust that during that time you have enjoyed many fine months of great entertainment."

Now what channel do you suppose they've been watching?

"Naturally, you'll want to make some definite provision for the future serving of your color receiver. Much more enjoyable than black-and-white TV, your color set is a prized possession."

Now hold it just one darned minute, fellows. In the first place, I think we should stop referring to them as "color" sets. These days the word has an unpleasant connotation. In my home there are two TV sets. One is black and white. The other is red and green. Those are the only two colors we can depend on with our set. No matter how many times you come to the house, no matter how long you fool with the set, by the time the *Tonight* show comes around everything is either red and green or green and red.

I take that back. There are times when the colors return unexpectedly. The other night while watching the Yankees I saw Mickey Mantle chase a fly ball across a field of the most beautiful orange grass you ever saw.

There is one other place I get nice color on my red and green set. And that's while watching a show that is in black and white. During this show there is a lacy border of rainbow colors on the right side of my picture. I get the feeling they're waiting in the wings for a show in color to come along and they can do their stuff. Needless to say, most of them fail to show up. Red and green, of course, are always there, and sometimes mauve. But mostly just red and green—neither of which is my favorite color.

And even sometimes one of those colors fails me. While watching *Meet the Press* the other evening on my red and green set, I heard Lawrence Spivak and Frank McGee ask some rather pointed questions of Robert Welch, of the John Birch Society. When he answered and didn't blush I knew my red was gone. On the other hand, the set probably felt Mr. Welch's antipathy.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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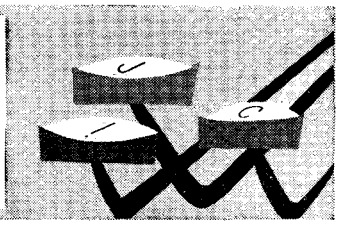
# Manner of Speaking



**Of Onomastics, Foibles, and Mercy:** Man born of woman is commanded to honor his father and his mother but, in the turnings of this world, one child and then another and then another has been left at the church door with no known parent to honor and with only the good sisters and brothers of the orphanage to obey. In Italy, by long-established custom, such foundlings were regularly given pious surnames. So there developed, with either an Italian or a Latin cast, a series of common surnames that could infallibly be traced, whether across one or many generations, to a midnight bundle at the church door. Dei Benedetti or De Benedictis, Dei Angelli or De Angelis, Dei Santi or De Sanctis, della Chiesa (of the Church), della Croce (of the cross), and di Dio, Didio, and Diodato (these last all meaning, in one variation or another, "gift of God") are among the most common of such names, sometimes accompanied by a supplementary flourish in the first name, as in Angelo Benedetto (Blessed Angel). The common name Esposito, a variation of *esposto* from *esporre*, meaning literally "to put out in view, to expose," is another such. The effect of all such names, whatever their first pious intentions, was to identify the bearer as illegitimate.

Of such pious follies and of their survival through heaven knows how many centuries I had long been aware. My maternal grandfather's surname is, in fact, variously transcribed as Di Benedictis or Di Benedictus. I have no notion of how far back this branch of the God-given child may reach, but by either spelling, and at whatever remove in time, the originating fact must have been obvious to large numbers of *SR* readers, many of whom have written me substantial treatises on my probable ancestry and consequent character.

For what scholars call "a fuller account" (of foundling surnames, that is; not of my ancestry and character) I am now indebted to Joseph Fucilla for an onomastic note titled "New Surnames in the Making in Italy," published in *Orbis*, a journal subtitled, with an impressive sense of legitimacy, *Bulletin international de Documentation linguistique du Centre international de Dialectologie générale de l'Université Catholique de Louvain*, and entered on the bibliographical birth certificate as Tome XII, Numero 2, 1963.

Until I read Mr. Fucilla's monograph I had not imagined how far ecclesiastical piety and humor had gone in labeling the helpless child. Mr. Fucilla carried out his researches in the orphan asylum registries of Todi, Trent, Bologna, and Vicenza, and has summarized his findings in neat categories. The force of some of those categories would be lost on non-Italian readers, but most of them can make their point even across language boundaries.

One common category consists of surnames drawn from the names of vegetables. So Cicoria (chicory), Pastinaca (parsnips), Fagiuoli (beans), and Piselli (peas). And with these may be grouped names derived from the names of fruits, flowers, trees, birds, and animals. So the luckless child might emerge as Giovanni Albicocchi (John Apricots), Tomasso Tulipani (Thomas Tulips), Arturo Abeti (Arthur Firtrees), Pietro Pollastri (Peter Pullets), or Michele Topi (Michael Mice). I do not know why Mr. Fucilla's researches tend to turn up the plural form in these onomastic deformities, except that the pluralization does have a slightly more comic, if not downright grotesque, effect in Italian. Within those orphanage walls, it would seem, the pious sisters and brothers of mercy had to take their humor where they could find it.

At the orphanage at Todi, as Mr. Fucilla points out, all the names of foundlings are chosen by the director. The overseer who held office from 1867 to 1881 must have had a particularly excruciating sense of his own humor as he entered into the registry such names as Giudetta Oloferni (Judith Holofernes), Scolastica Libretti, and Stella Polare. His successors, too, played the game, registering such coinages as Michele Arcangeli, Angelo Nunziante (Announcing Angel), and for one hapless year-end waif, Felicissimo Capodanno (Happiest New Year).

As I read Mr. Fucilla I can all but see them in their holy cells, a ghostly line of reverend directors chuckling into their tippets as they write their little jokes across a child's life. A pity Browning could not have been sent a copy of Mr. Fucilla's paper. Who knows what monologue it might not have given rise to.

The Italian government, I am happy to say, has been more compassionate if less humorous. Italy, one must remember, has always been a caste-bound society and a small unit economy in which any man with an edge, however small, has been forever ready to demand precedence over the edgeless. Money, land, power, and title have, of course, been the standard edges with which Italians have systematically abused one another. The child who finally emerged from an orphanage not only lacked any edge of his own but was likely to be branded with a self-evidently illegitimate and sometimes grotesque name that automatically gave even the otherwise edgeless an edge on him.

So it was that on July 9, 1939, the Italian Parliament, in a rare act of governmental kindness, passed a law regulating the naming of foundlings and placing a general prohibition on names that are

> ridiculous or shameful or contrary to public order, or to national or religious sentiment, or that indicate a locality [of a given city, for example], or a geographical designation of any sort, and, in the case of infants of Italian citizenship [by whatever means a foundling infant might manage to declare citizenship], names of foreign origins as well.

The law goes on, specifically to prohibit, among others, names

> of historic importance, of any illustrious or well known family in the region of birth, [or any name] inscribed in the official register of Italian nobility. . . .

So from the child to time this history of sad piety and cracked humor. And so from time to the child, at last, the legal mercy of a name like any other, within which the man-to-be may stand as himself and not as someone else's joke or misplaced piety.

Love them, mother. And father, if he be known. And if the hour of the dark bundle must strike above the stone steps, pin a tag on the blanket, and on that tag write "Smith," in mercy.

—JOHN CIARDI.



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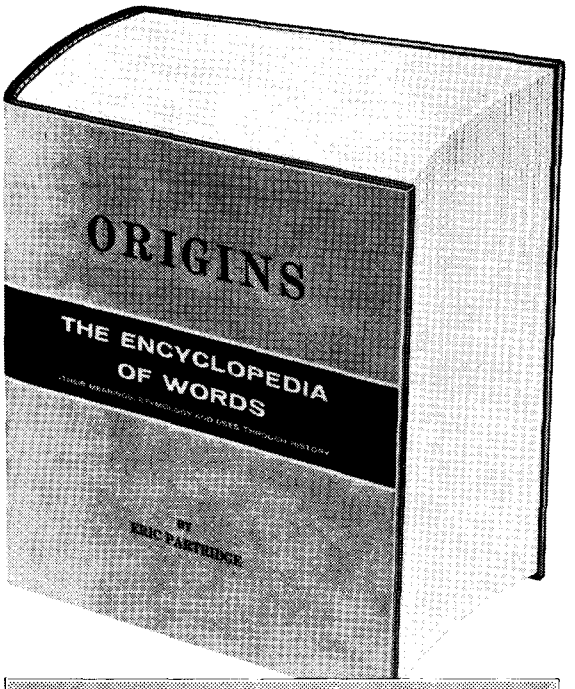


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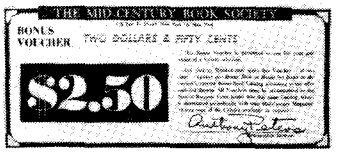


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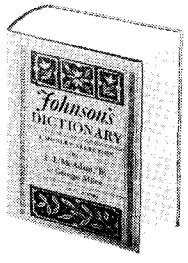

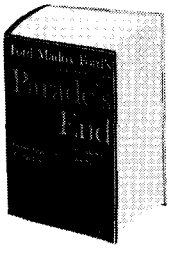

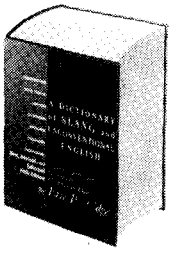

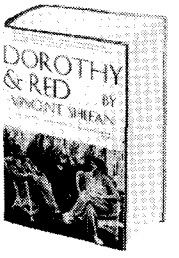

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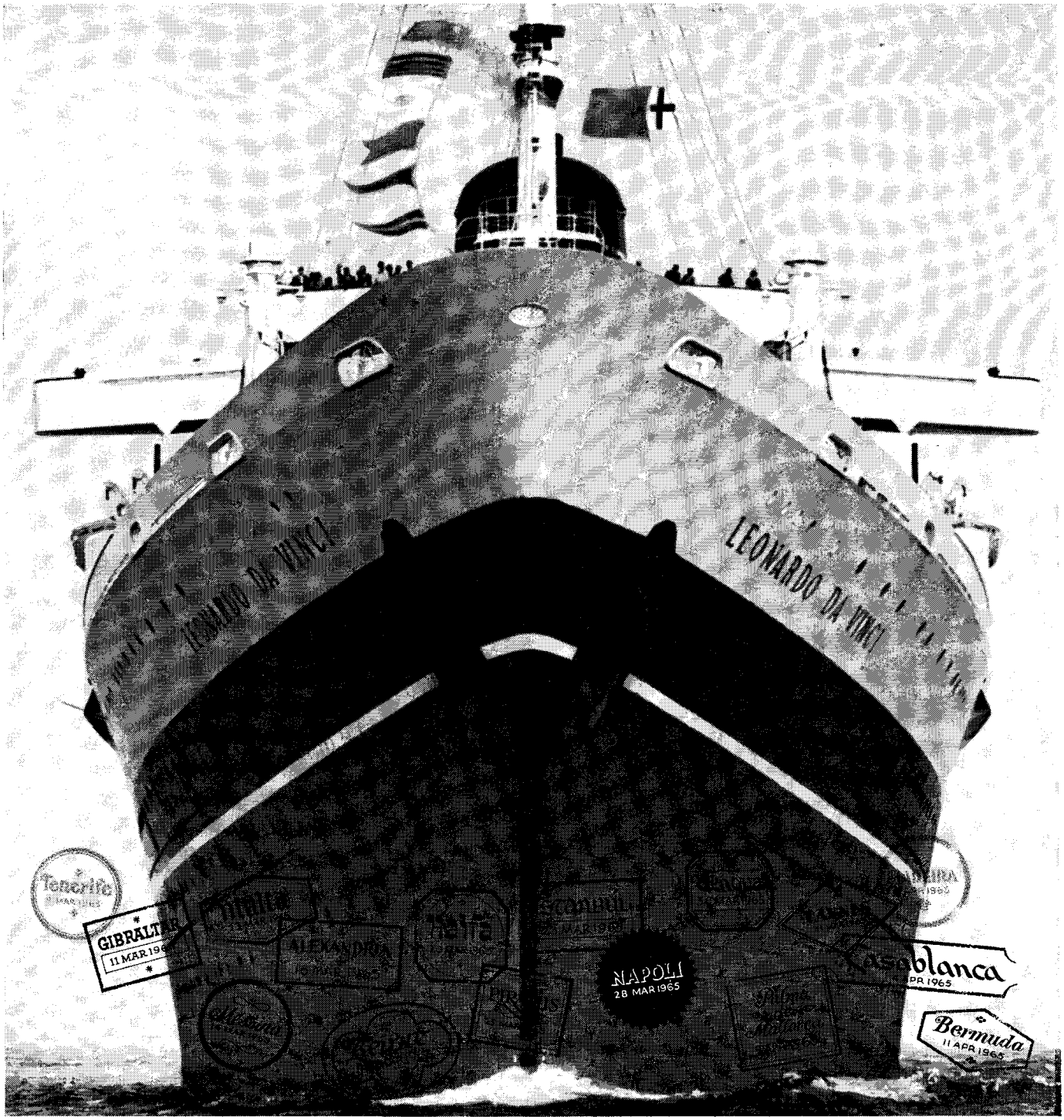


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*Position Papers 1964*

# The Negro and the Candidates

—*Wide World.*

This is the sixth in a series of *SR* position papers by leading spokesmen whose voices figure prominently in the 1964 Presidential campaign. Previous articles in the series were published February 29 (Arthur Larson on liberal Republicanism), April 25 (James J. Kilpatrick on Southern conservatism), June 13 (Ralph McGill on Southern progressivism), July 11 (Joseph S. Clark on Democratic liberalism), and August 22 (Robert Taft, Jr., on middle-ground Republicanism). The author of this article is executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

By ROY WILKINS

BEFORE a Joint Session of Congress on November 27, 1963, in a still-shocked and grief-laden atmosphere, President Lyndon Baines Johnson added his voice and the prestige of his office to the call for a new position for the Negro American citizen: "We have talked long enough in this country about equal rights. We have talked for 100 years or more. It is time now to write the next chapter—and to write it in the books of law."

Thus the new President, in appealing for passage of the civil rights bill as a memorial to John Fitzgerald Kennedy, was pressing the point made by the martyred President in a memorable radio-TV address to the nation on June 11, 1963: "Now the time has come for this nation to fulfil its promises. . . . Next week I shall ask the Congress of the United States to act, to make a commitment it has not fully made in this century to the proposition that race has no place in American life or law."

Twelve months later the new position was a reality and the Negro citizen entered the election campaign of 1964 under a legislative aura he had not enjoyed in this century.

It had been a long and tortuous struggle, with the final months seeming longer than those that had gone before. After the usual committee skirmishes, the House had voted decisively, 290-130, on February 10. One hundred thirty-eight Republicans joined 152 Democrats in the bipartisan passage of the bill.

In the Senate, an unprecedented vote for cloture, 71-29 (four more than the necessary 67), shut off a filibuster. With only a majority vote on amendments thereafter required, the bill was finally passed, virtually intact, 73-27, on June 19, a year to the day after its submission by President Kennedy. Twenty-seven of the thirty-three Republican Senators voted for both cloture and for the bill, thus continuing the strong bipartisan support. The bill became law July 2 with President Johnson's signature.

The Negro had scant opportunity for rejoicing or for projecting a strategy in his new status because in two short weeks the Arizona Senator who had voted against the civil rights bill had been nominated as the candidate of the Republican Party for the Presidency. Moreover, the Republican convention in San Francisco, completely in the hands of Senator Barry Goldwater and his organization, had summarily refused to accept any amendments to the civil rights section of the platform. The proponents of change and Governors Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York and George Romney of Michigan, who wished to condemn "extremism," were shouted down or voted down.

While the platform pledged "full implementation and faithful execution of the Civil Rights Act of 1964," it stressed the pledge of "maximum restraint of federal intrusions into matters more productively left to the individual."

"The Federal Government should act," the platform states, "only in areas where it has Constitutional authority to act and then only in respect to proven needs. . . ."

Unequivocally the Republicans had said in their platform in 1960: "We pledge the full use of the power, resources, and leadership of the federal government to eliminate discrimination based on race, color, religion, or national origin."

The puzzled Negro, straining for a firm word from San Francisco, knows that he is a United States citizen. He believes his "proven needs" are as plain as a home run in a pitcher's duel. He has watched the Fourteenth Amendment applied (without objection from Mr. Goldwater or his camp followers) to every conceivable corporate enterprise. But in his case, constitutional government becomes the subject of endless dissection and ponderous, if transparent, conclusions.

If the tone of the GOP platform on civil rights was suspiciously muffled, no such unclarity attaches to the already famous passage in the nominee's acceptance speech: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice. Moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue."

Earlier in his speech, Senator Goldwater, much in the manner of a civil rights advocate, had sounded a cry for freedom. What kind of freedom? Why, that "made orderly for this nation by our constitutional government—under a government limited by the laws of nature and of nature's God"—balanced so that both order and liberty may obtain.

For the Negro American, contemplat-


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ing his course and his goals under the new Civil Rights Act, these phrases are not strange. What brings a wrinkle to his brow is the context in which they appear, the man from whose mouth they come as he is pledging solemnly his beliefs to the American electorate, and the ultra-conservative groups that cheer his version of the freedom crusade.

Senator Goldwater has been making his position clear on the race relations-states' rights issue since the publication in 1960 of his personal testament, *The Conscience of a Conservative*. After stating that he personally believes in nonsegregated schools, he concludes: "I am not prepared, however, to impose that judgment of mine on the people of Mississippi or South Carolina, or to tell them what methods should be adopted and what pace should be kept in striving toward that goal. This is their business, not mine. I believe that the problem of race relations, like all social and cultural problems, is best handled by the people directly concerned. Social and cultural change, however desirable, should not be effected by the engines of national power."

Prior to the above paragraph, the Arizona Senator delivered himself of his conception of constitutional government, stating flatly that the Constitution was what its creators said it was, not what the Supreme Court says it is.

NEGRO uneasiness over the San Francisco Republican convention stems, finally, from the similarity between the Republican language and the language of a principal (though formally undeclared) Goldwater supporter, the John Birch Society. Both talk of "constitutional" government, making plain that the government now in being is more than suspect on this point. Both the GOP and the Birchers talk of freedom, but of freedom with qualifications, with restraints, with technical interpretations. There is more than a hint that in their society individuals will be so free of persuasion generated by the "engines of national power" that in Humphreys County, Mississippi, where only four one hundredths of one per cent of eligible Negroes are permitted to register to vote, a black man may be forced to depend solely upon personal "bargaining" to maintain life.

Writes the Arizona Senator: "Let us, through persuasion and education, seek to improve institutions. . . ."

And the 1964 Republican platform states: "We recognize that the elimination of such discrimination is a matter of heart, conscience and education, as well as of equal rights under law."

States the February 8, 1964, Interim Bulletin of the John Birch Society in delineating its opinion on the employment of legislation to protect rights: "The Civil Rights Act of 1963, if enacted, will be the first major legal step in establishing a brutal totalitarian police state over the American people."

What, then, faces 20,000,000 Negro Americans in the middle of the 1960s? On the heels of victory in the long crusade for Congressional acknowledgment of, and sanction for, his status as a constitutional citizen, he is confronted with one candidate for President of the United States who deliberately voted against the bill that reaffirms and protects his citizenship rights.

The Negro is met, also, with an organized body having a more respectable façade than the Ku Klux Klan which declares it believes (a) that the states, without federal "interference," should deal with civil rights; (b) that Chief Justice Earl Warren of the Supreme Court should be impeached; and (c) that the United States Government has been "taken over" by the Communists.

THE Negro is confronted, also, with a political party that seems to have adopted these positions as its own, although the endorsement in writing, while present, is sometimes oblique. Some of the actions, however, are not oblique. For the first time in memory, there were no Negro members of state delegations from Tennessee, Georgia, Texas, and Mississippi. The talk around the convention, never denied, was that the Goldwater faction, newly come to positions of power in the South, had made its first business the exclusion of Negroes from the new order.

Obviously, the No. 1 task of the Negro American in this election year is the safeguarding of his reaffirmed citizenship rights as embodied in the Civil Rights Act. Everything else, no matter how imperative a local or regional condition may seem, is secondary. There is no substitute for the final Congressional legislative declaration of non-discrimination in voting, public accommodations, employment, public education, and the use of federal grants-in-aid to the states.

The opinion tossed off in some quarters that the new act is "not much good" in the North because of existing similar state legislation, or in the South because of resistance to implementation, is an airy and thoughtless dismissal of a fundamental assertion of equality in citizenship.

Since Reconstruction days the Negro American has lived, literally, outside national law. He has been in a no man's land consisting of a tuft of citizenship here and there, but with huge craters of nullification forming his general landscape. The intense, often heartbreaking, struggle since 1876 has had but one purpose: to restore the Negro American —*in law and in fact*—to the citizenship and the rights which the 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments to the Constitution intended to bestow.

At long last the legislative branch of government has joined the judicial and executive branches in that restoration. The step-by-step battles in the courts over a fifty-year span have been vindicated, as have the campaigns to build and translate voting strength and political influence. Use of the nonspectacular tools available in a political democracy, those tools freely and skilfully employed by other ethnic, numerical, and political minorities, has paid off thus far. No better example is on the blackboard for the Negro's study than the fantastically successful political manipulation by the

*"Sometimes I regret we learned how to communicate."*



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Dixie minority in the national political arena.

These people started with nothing but their nerve (colossal) and their ingenuity (endless), but they studied the political machine until they knew every possible power and maneuver, every bargaining point, every nerve center. While ruthlessly barring the Negro from the precinct ballot box (and thus building seniority in the Congress and freedom of action as to race on the statehouse level) they defeated for nearly a century every attempt to break this iron control.

Today that control is irreparably weakened if not shattered. The crack opened by FDR's abolition of the South's two-thirds veto power in Democratic conventions in 1936 was broken wide open June 10, 1964, by the first civil rights cloture vote in history, an overwhelming 71-29. All too slowly the control was chipped down, also, by the growing enfranchisement of the Negro in the South and by the strategic strength of the Negro voter in Northern urban centers.

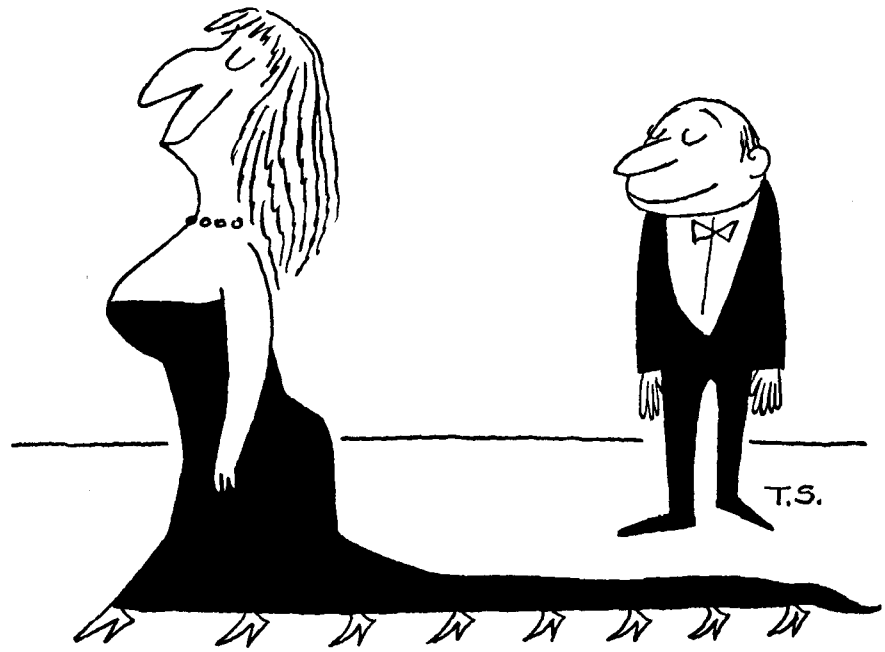
Nothing, then, is more important than protecting the new order, even though at the moment it may appear to the impatient ones that a federal civil rights act does not "reach" police brutality or rat-infested ghetto tenements, or unequal public education or near-chronic unemployment.

IT is not suggested here that effort be abandoned to alleviate these evils wherever they may exist, but only that such efforts recognize the priority of the over-all, nationwide objective.

The tragic riots in Harlem and Brooklyn and the more devastating upheaval in Rochester, New York, underline the necessity of continuing and intelligent work by city officials and minority groups in the sensitive area of police action. History may well record that the New York City riots of July 1964 occurred because stiff-necked police authorities refused to suspend promptly, pending trial, a police lieutenant who had shot (three times) and killed a fifteen-year-old boy he claims was about to attack him with a knife. Underneath the top tinder of the police killing was the ever-present resentment of the Harlem community at the method of handling grievances against the police and the thus far adamant refusal to set up a civilian review board.

Similarly, danger lies in the neglect of sore spots in school systems, housing, and employment.

But resistance to, and defiance or subversion of, the Negro's new status is the paramount danger. The San Francisco Republican Convention, in a sense much more real than its *pro forma* pledge of implementation of the 1964 Civil Rights




Act, dictated that Negro strategy and procedure hereafter, if at all realistic, must recognize that danger as paramount.

The Negro and the nation have seen what happened as a result of the defiance, in some areas, of the 1954 Supreme Court decision in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. Federal troops had to be called out in 1957 in Arkansas and in 1962 in Mississippi to effect, respectively, the enrollment of Negro children in a high school and of a Negro applicant at the University of Mississippi.

Negro citizens have been beaten and shot, homes and churches have been bombed, men and women, white and black, have been fired from their jobs, and home and business mortgages and other loans have been called in the effort to nullify the *Brown* decision.

More importantly, an ominous sanction has been given by elected and appointed officials, by some lower-echelon judges, and by opinion centers like some churches and educational institutions to this defiance, even unto the apologies for, or justifications of, repressive violence.

This climate of control has been effective in too many areas although the pattern has not been absolutely South-wide, in either intensity or uniformity. Virginia has differed from Mississippi and Florida from Alabama, but St. Augustine, Florida, is "kin" to LeFlore County, Mississippi. The fright for the future, so far as the Negro is concerned, lies in the machinelike conformity that could result from a Goldwater era. The early moves of the Goldwater faction in taking over and purging State GOP machinery and the arrogant precision of the conduct at San Francisco fairly trumpet the message to the Negro citizens.

Negroes may be slow to hear and slower to act, but no such lack of understanding was in evidence when Governor George C. Wallace got the signal from San Francisco. Governor Wallace promptly announced his retirement from the Presidential race as an independent. As the most vocal states' righter in the nation, who had demonstrated, in part, the potential of the race issue in three state primary contests, Governor Wallace was brought quickly to recognize that Senator Goldwater and the Goldwater GOP platform could "do it better."

Just to remove all doubts (if any should remain), the Georgia Ku Klux Klan has announced its endorsement of Senator Goldwater for President, and, significantly, the GOP Vice Presidential nominee, William E. Miller, answered a question on the endorsement by declaring that the Republicans would accept support from any American citizen who "believed in its principles."

The issue could not have been spelled out more plainly by Eugene "Bull" Conner, of Alabama, or by William Simmons, director of the White Citizens Councils of Mississippi.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People did not require the San Francisco convention to goad it to action. The 2,810 delegates to its 55th annual convention in Washington, D.C., in late June unanimously adopted a resolution opposing the candidacy of Senator Goldwater. This marked the first time in the entire history of the organization that a partisan resolution, naming a specific candidate, has been adopted as Association policy. It indicated clearly how strongly the NAACP membership had reacted to Goldwaterism even before the ratifica-

(*Continued on page* 40)



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# Saturday Review

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# More Talks with the Russians—Part I

FOR SIX days last month, some thirty Americans and Russians sat around a large table in Leningrad and had a frank talk on the outstanding issues between their two countries. The subjects discussed ranged from differences over disarmament to difficulties in carrying out the cultural exchange program between the two countries.

The talks—fourth in a series going back to 1960—were part of a project designed to bring public opinion leaders into the enlarging dialogue between the two countries. The aim was to arrive at the clearest possible understanding of the position of each side on matters of vital concern. The Ford Foundation, which sponsored the early meetings with the concurrence of the U.S. State Department, was joined by the Johnson Foundation of Racine, Wisconsin, for the Leningrad conference.

The American delegation to Leningrad included Charles Frankel, professor of philosophy, Columbia University; Dr. R. Buckminster Fuller, architect and inventor, Southern Illinois University; Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, economist, Harvard University, and former U.S. Ambassador to India; Mrs. Elizabeth Koontz, president-elect of the Department of Classroom Teachers of the National Education Association; Dr. Francis V. Lloyd, Jr., psychologist, University of Chicago; Professor Franklin A. Long, Vice President of Cornell University; James Michener, author; Dr. Franklin Murphy, Chancellor of the University of California at Los Angeles; Leslie Paffrath, president of the Johnson Foundation; David Rockefeller, President, Chase Manhattan Bank; Professor Marshall Shulman, the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy; Norton Simon, industrialist and art collector; Shepard Stone, Vice President of the Ford Foundation; Dr. Paul Dudley White, cardiologist; Professor Arthur Larson, Director, World Rule of Law Center, Duke University; and Norman Cousins, editor of *Saturday Review*. Arthur Larson and the editor of *Saturday Review* served as co-chairmen of the American delegation.

Co-chairmen of the Soviet delegation were Alexander Korneitchuk, distinguished playwright and chairman of the Ukranian Supreme Soviet, and Evgenii Fedorov, meteorologist and director of the Hydrometeorological Service Department, USSR Academy of Sciences, and former member of the Soviet delegation to the Geneva disarmament talks. Among other Soviet members: Nikolai Blokhin, President, USSR Medical Academy; Sergei Gerasimov, leading film producer; Alla Masevitch, Deputy Chairman of the Astronomical Council of the USSR Academy of Sciences and director of satellite tracking operations; Nikolai Orlov, director, Economic Research Institute; Boris Polevoi, novelist and editor of *Youth* magazine; and General Nikolai Talensky, member of the editorial board of *International Affairs*.

The Leningrad meeting took place in a huge, crystal-chandeliered ballroom of a pre-Revolution mansion now called the House of Architects. Each side had its own interpreters; electronic microphones and earphones were used for simultaneous translation.

Four years ago, when the talks began at Dartmouth, it took at least two days for the strangeness to wear off. At that time, most of the participants had never met in American-Soviet face-to-face discussions. At Leningrad, the conferees were the beneficiaries of the momentum created by the previous meetings.

There was still some sense of a carryover from the atmosphere of the Andover meeting of October 1962, which coincided with the week of the Cuban crisis. At that time, both sides were staring down the gun barrel of nuclear war. The effect was not one of intensified hostility; quite the contrary, a mood of heightened awareness and responsibility predominated. There was a realization that both nations were dealing not just with great national stakes but with the issue of human life on earth.

The Leningrad meeting retained enough of this mood of ultimate concern to provide a useful perspective on those things nations must do together, whatever their ideology. In many respects, this ability of men to break out of their national casings and to experience the shock of human recognition may be even more significant than any of the items covered on the agenda. Not that these items were in any way minimized during the discussions. There was plenty of hard talk on both sides on matters of vital interests. But there seemed to be a growing awareness that beyond the hard talk the two countries, if only in their own self-interest, had to find a sensible and workable way to keep their differences from becoming combustible.

As in the previous meetings, the main impact of the conference was registered by the delegates as individuals—at or away from the conference table. For example, toward the end of the week, one of the Soviet delegates came up to David Rockefeller, who had impressed the conferees with his genuine friendliness, modesty, knowledgeability, and fairness in debate.

"Mr. Rockefeller," the Soviet professor began, "maybe you do not know it but I am an old Bolshevik. I go back to the very early times—even before the Revolution. You know, Mr. Rockefeller, many times since our revolution, I have asked myself: 'Why don't the masses of American workers revolt against their capitalists?' Now I have met you and now for the first time I know."

Whatever the disagreements at the Leningrad Conference, there was a unanimous feeling that the meetings should be continued. It is probable that the next meeting will be held in the United States in the spring of 1965.

—N. C.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Our Fortieth (Contd.)

CONGRATULATIONS ON your fortieth-anniversary issue [*SR*, Aug. 29].

It is characteristic of you—and *Saturday Review* to observe this anniversary looking ahead, rather than looking back. Sharing, as I do, the conviction that we are coming to a more hopeful time for man, I especially welcome the challenge of this confident view of the opportunities opening to us all.

I hope that America's leadership—and the leadership of America—will prove worthy, not only to protect the peace of man, but to lead toward fulfillment of the promise of man in our land and around the world.

LYNDON B. JOHNSON,
President of the United States.
Washington, D.C.

THE FORTIETH-ANNIVERSARY ISSUE of *Saturday Review* has just reached my desk.

I wish to add my congratulations to all the others *Saturday Review* is receiving for forty years of excellent intellectual endeavor. I have noted with gratification this magazine's growth in scope, circulation, and influence under your editorship.

The world of ideas owes much to *Saturday Review* and to you.

DEAN RUSK,
Secretary of State.
Washington, D.C.

IT IS A PLEASURE to congratulate you upon celebrating the fortieth anniversary of *Saturday Review*. Your anniversary issue is truly an excellent illustration of the high place the magazine has won. . . .

*Saturday Review* today rates as one of the foremost organs of criticism and information in the free world not only in the arts but also on affairs in general.

You and your brilliant staff may well be proud of your accomplishments.

My best wishes for continued progress throughout the years to come.

NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER.
Governor,
New York State.
Albany, N.Y.

I HAVE JUST HAD the opportunity to look over a copy of the fortieth-anniversary issue of *Saturday Review*. It is a most impressive edition.

Through the years I have watched *Saturday Review* and noted the contribution it has made to a better America. I am especially indebted to the help you have given us in your coverage of Peace Corps activities around the world.

SARGENT SHRIVER,
Director, Peace Corps.
Washington, D.C.

BRAVO! Forty years has brought *Saturday Review* the maturity and strength—but not the flabbiness—of middle age. Yours is a journal of the highest quality and I am proud to add my kudos to those you are undoubtedly receiving. . . .

May *Saturday Review* continue to flourish . . ., bringing insight and wisdom to its readers, and proving that life does indeed begin at forty.

ABRAHAM RIBICOFF,
U.S. Senate.
Washington, D.C.

IT IS INDEED A PLEASURE to extend congratulations on the fortieth anniversary of *SR*.

At the end of four decades, the *Review* can look back upon a sometimes precarious but always interesting and productive existence. I join with your ever-widening readership in wishing you not only many more prosperous years ahead, but an ever-greater contribution to the intellectual and cultural life of the nation.

CLIFFORD P. CASE,
U.S. Senate.
Washington, D.C.

THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY of *Saturday Review* is occasion for congratulations to your magazine on its extraordinary achievement in proving that a publication which holds fast to such high principles can be successful, and to N.C. for the editing which has done so much to make it so. . . .

ABNER W. SIBAL,
U.S. House of Representatives.
Washington, D.C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
*"Number? Look, central, I just want to talk to Roy Hill. Since when do people need a number?"*

## Common Cause

WALTER REUTHER [*SR*, Aug. 29] discourses at great length on what's wrong with our national economy. . . .

Would it not be a nice gesture, perhaps, for labor unions as a whole to pass a joint resolution waiving all further increases during one or two future contract periods? Apropos of the President's "War on Poverty," this would release a substantial sum for distribution, in the form of dividends, first to worthy charitable institutions that care for the destitute, and second to the ever-increasing army of indigent retirees whose incomes are chiefly from fixed pensions.

It is high time for Mr. Reuther and other labor executives—and their charges—to make some sacrifices for our common welfare.

S. W. DOTY.
New York, N.Y.

## Plane Talk

WE MADE OURSELVES acquainted with Horace Sutton's article entitled "The Paris of Mr. Clean" [*SR*, July 4]. The information given in relation to the passenger fee increase deserves the following comments:

The fee increase is warranted by the fact that the previous rate was fixed in 1958 and, since then, the economic conditions underwent a big change. As there is no reason for the air traveler to be subsidized by the French taxpayer, it became necessary to increase the income of the French airports.

The airlines requested that the landing fees be not increased in order not to worsen their already difficult financial balance. But by way of compensation they agreed to a relatively important increase of the passenger fee and it is the reason why Air France would be rather embarrassed to "immediately raise a monumental hullabaloo. . . ."

Your correspondent made a mistake: if he leaves Nice for New York via Orly, he will have only to pay a $5 fee in Nice and he won't pay anything in Paris unless his stopover lasts more than twenty-four hours.

PIERRE D. COT,
Executive Director,
Aeroport de Paris.
Paris, France



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# Phoenix Nest

*Continued from page 6*

easy typewriter to operate—the touch was light and airy, and you could go fast, too. We used to have a Morse telegraph sounder next to our ear, and translate the dots and dashes into telegrams on the typewriter. In those days, the Postal Telegraph made you either buy or rent a typewriter, so I used to use any that was available in the office, as I was just a beginner and couldn't afford to rent one. Well, you couldn't see what you were typing on this Remington. The carriage was built so the keys were struck upward into the paper on the roll, and you had to lift up the carriage every so often to see what you were typing. I even got rather proficient on it.

I used to relieve the other operators now and then and I got to use the blind Remington, together with a monstrous Smith-Premier typewriter that had eight rows of keys. Instead of a shift key you had to strike a separate key when you hit a capital letter or a figure. It was quite a sight to see a good telegraph operator typing a message, his fingers jumping all over the long keyboard finding the different letters, capitals, figures, punctuation marks. Later on I got to rent an L. C. Smith typewriter, which had nothing but capital letters, no lower case. In those days, a customer using the Postal Telegraph service never knew whether his telegram would be all capitals, all elite type, pica, or what-have-you. I recall that for some time I used to address telegrams to the W. E. Stinghouse Mfg. Co., and I wondered what company that was.

My real love was the Corona portable which I bought when I went to Ohio State University. That was the first thing I got when I entered school, together with a set of limp leather Modern Library books of classics. After I left school I carried the typewriter and the books wherever I went and the Corona went from black to green to red. This was accomplished by my wife with her penchant for painting anything which did not move. Eventually it was thrown away or sold, I don't remember which. The books are still around. This Tower typewriter is really a lineal descendent of that Corona, as Sears, Roebuck told me when I bought it, so I have gone the full cycle.

—MAURICE M. SIEGEL.

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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### A Prince of a Cinderella

WHAT is to be said of a balletic treatment of the Cinderella legend in which the memorable performer is not the charmaid turned charmer, but the Prince? About what one might say of a *Hamlet* in which the lingering impression was of Ophelia. This inversion of values came not from Denmark but from Leningrad, as its Kirov Ballet embarked on a second American tour with a week in the Metropolitan Opera House divided between its familiar *Sleeping Beauty* and its unfamiliar *Cinderella.*

As a subject for balletic treatment, Cinderella is one of the best, with a built-in dancing climax just where it should be, in the second-act ball. This version has the further advantage of a happy point of musical departure in the melody-rich score of Serge Prokofiev, one of the most abundant of his later life. And the Kirov company is disposing an even larger quota of able dancers than it showed three years ago. For all that, the evening lagged for want of what any respectable *Cinderella* cannot do without—charm, fantasy, a truly fairy-tale credibility.

Given the circumstances, there can be only one responsible party: the choreographer. He is Konstantin Sergeyev, former principal male dancer of the Kirov ensemble and now its artistic director, who had the honor of collaborating with Prokofiev in planning the work just twenty years ago. For reasons related to the war, it was first produced at Moscow's Bolshoi in November 1945, but it was Sergeyev's version that was danced in Leningrad a few months later and it is his version the company has been performing ever since, most recently in a revision of last summer, with a decor by Tatiana Bruni. The latter was described by some as lavish, which is not a compliment if the dictionary definition—"a deluge of rain"—is applied.

The fulcrum or point of balance of the ballet is revealed, after a prosaic first act, with the entrance of the Prince at the ball. This balance is directly on the back of his agile, well-proportioned body, where Yuri Soloviev bears Sergeyev's demands with flair, extraordinary poise, and a regal kind of balletic bearing. As the work progresses it becomes increasingly evident that Sergeyev's choreographic talent functions best where the male dancers are concerned—in the quintet of the Prince and his courtiers, in the solos for the royal figure himself, in the ensemble for shoemakers charged with producing a partner for the lost slipper. It reaches a climax of suitability in Act III, as the prince roams the world in search of Cinderella, progressing from country to country and continent to continent by stage-covering leaps that are expressive of his impatience as well as evocative of applause.

But Sergeyev's unisexual facility hardly suffices for a work whose action is so largely centered on the female figures of Cinderella, her stepmother, and the favored daughters. In this version they are ugly by nature rather than appearance, as the designations of Krivlyaka (Affected) and Zlyuka (Furious) suggest. Natalia Makarova and Kaleria Fedicheva do skilfully what Sergeyev provides for them, but the broad strokes of caricature are all rather pedestrian and non-funny. Certainly he strikes no such spark of brilliant foolery as Frederick Ashton conceived for the Sadler's Wells version danced here in 1950. In an inspired response to the satiric undertone in Prokofiev's score, the "sisters" were impersonated with rare humor and pantomimic skill by himself and Robert Helpmann.

INDEED, what is striking about this whole elaborate affair is the lack of such inspiration, dynamism, or fantasy. Certainly there are possibilities inherent in the evocation of Spring, Autumn, and Winter to clothe Cinderella for her transformation at the end of Act I that could be heard in Prokofiev's score but could not be seen in Sergeyev's action. Too often in this episode—as in the ball dances of Act II—the patterns appeared to be remembered rather than invented, as in the Gisellish spins of Cinderella to express ecstasy. These are of the sort that invite applause and promote bows but do not convey much of character.

By far the most amusing touch in the staging was a squad of Disneyish dwarfs whose number—twelve—paralelled the chiming hour of Cinderella's disappearance. Doubtless they make a house speciality for the junior members of the Kirov corps at home; at the Metropolitan they were impersonated by a group of local ballet aspirants, trained in New York, who failed to keep step but managed to back into each other, exasperate the conductor, and defeat the intended effect of old-clock figurines. At best, however—which is to say in the sparkling effort of Soloviev and the always well-controlled one of Irina Kolpakova as Cinderella—the results were remote from the world of Perrault's fantasy,

(*Continued on page 76*)


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# WHERE THE ARTISTS ARE

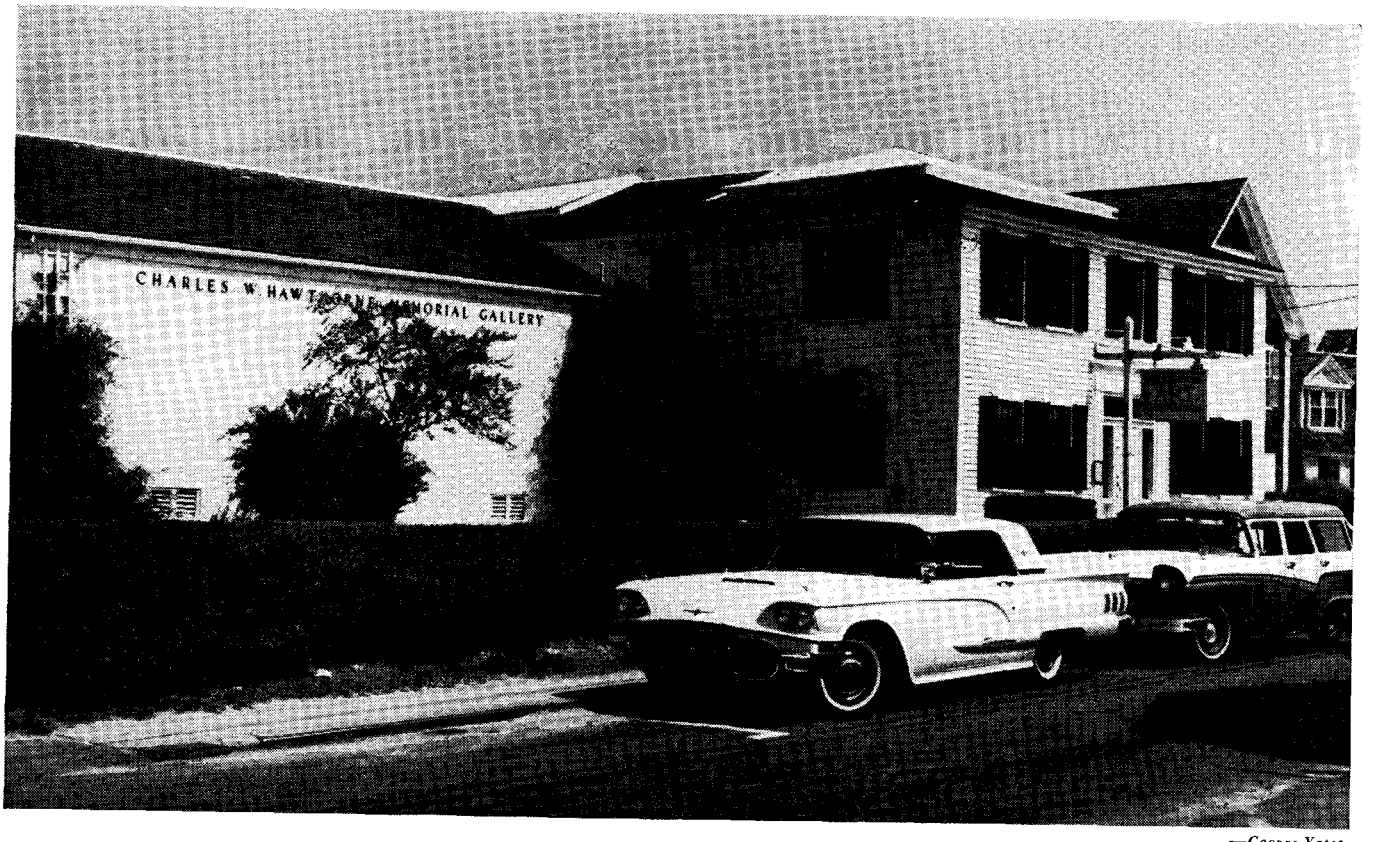
PROVINCETOWN, a once thriving fishing village on the tip of Cape Cod and long a mecca for painters, is, I believe, America's oldest still active art colony. In season (chiefly July and August), a tortuous stroll down Commercial Street is accented by the gasoline stench and blasting horns of innumerable cars snaking along in an unbroken procession. Add a motley mass of tourists spewed forth each day from the Boston excursion boat, a plethora of phony souvenir shops, plus a supply of beatniks that outshines Greenwich Village, and it is scarcely surprising to find some of Provincetown's more palatable charms eclipsed, notably its honest New England architecture set off by a particularly luminous stretch of sea and sand.

I am always amazed that important artists still migrate each summer to this crowded spit of land that once served as a retreat from but is now only an extension of urban freneticism. On the streets visitor sees hordes of quick-sketch portrait artists, sees amateurs daubing away at the usual summer watercolors, and even a pavilion advertising "Art in Action." Yet, amid all this sham, some of the country's most dedicated painters are quietly at work, such men as Hans Hofmann, Jack Tworkov, Karl Knaths, Boris Margo, Edward Corbett, and Paul Burlin. Over the years, Provincetown and the neighboring communities of Truro and Wellfleet have attracted other well-known American artists—Milton Avery, Gifford Beal, George Biddle, Stuart Davis, Charles Demuth, Edwin Dickinson, Lee Gatch, Charles Hawthorne, Loren MacIver, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Niles Spencer, Maurice Sterne, George Grosz, Ben Shahn, Robert Motherwell, Franz Kline, and many many more. The group reads like a condensed history of American art during the last half century.

All the more reason to be distinctly disturbed by the low quality of the Provincetown Art Association's Fiftieth Anniversary Exhibition, which opened August 2 and is still on view. In light of that organization's long and sometimes tempestuous history, the current bloodless show is, I trust, not a reliable report on the past and present state of art in Provincetown. It is sad to find this town, which saw such passionate art controversies between conservative and modern factions during the Twenties and Thirties, now mustering up only a mediocre Golden Anniversary Exhibition. Are we to believe that the ardent intramural struggles were futile gestures that led to no valid discoveries, to no new insights? Or are we to believe that the Art Association does not represent the full history of this period; and if so, why not?

Composed of 198 works, about a quarter of which will shortly start traveling throughout the country under the aegis of the American Federation of Arts, the show has a definite historical interest, underlined by a recently published survey of the Art Association's first thirty-three years (1914-47), written with salty humor and warm sympathy by a veteran member of the organization, the painter Ross Moffett, who in 1913 had already established himself in Provincetown. Called *Art in Narrow Streets*, this chronicle reviews the squabbles, triumphs, and struggles of the association and its growing roster of artists.

Perhaps the present show fails to recapture the excitement of these earlier years because of arbitrary limitations




**Provincetown Art Association—sea, sand, and controversy.**

*—George Yates.*



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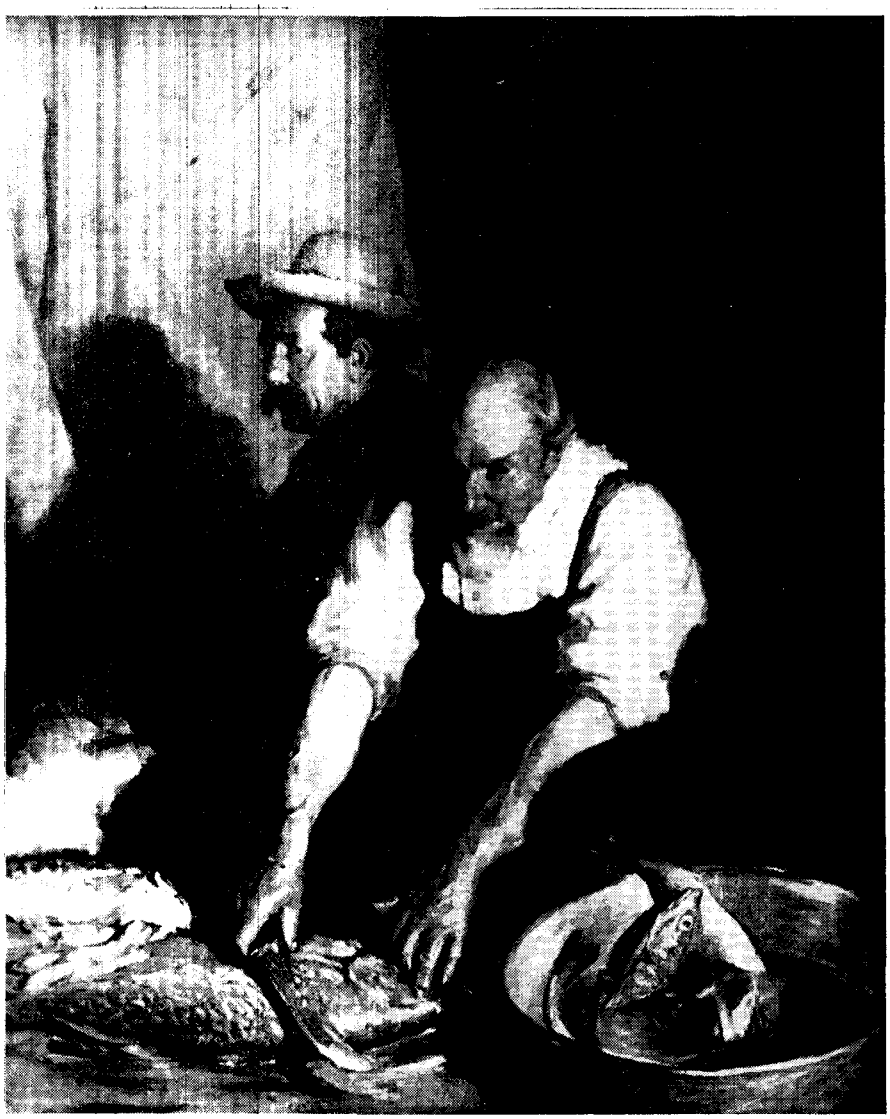
governing its selections. Seemingly less concerned with quality than local history, the selection committee (made up of artists) decided that only painters and sculptors who had shown at least twice in previous Provincetown Art Association exhibitions were eligible. From this group the committee winnowed out 198 artists, inviting each to send a work of his own choosing. The result is inevitably a haphazard assemblage without shape, chronological sequence, or continuity. Why so many artists sent less than their best work is a mystery and proves once again that the only exhibitions worth their salt grow out of meticulously considered and carefully related choices.

When the anniversary show was announced, I anticipated a celebration of Provincetown's legacy as an art center. But without top work by top artists, an exhibition founders. For example, to have omitted Edward Hopper, whose name for most of us is synonymous with Truro's gaunt landscape, seems unjustified merely because he did not qualify as far as previous shows were concerned. One likewise looks in vain for paintings by Cavallon, Kepes, Franz Kline, Biala, Edward Corbett, and Paul Burlin, all serious artists who are or at one time were closely associated with the lower Cape. A less rigidly parochial attitude might have produced a more stimulating show, or is it possible that art colonies stifle rather than stimulate? And is it also possible that official art associations sometimes become so overloaded with well-intentioned amateurs that professionals withdraw?

ONE of the most vigorous paintings in the exhibit is, appropriately, Charles Hawthorne's canvas of 1899 called *Cleaning Fish*. Rich textural contrasts and a bold deployment of light rescue a conventional composition from banality, demonstrating why this artist still remains the acknowledged early leader of the Provincetown school. Hans Hofmann in a brief speech at the opening of the exhibition said, "As far as I am oriented, it was Charles Hawthorne who must be considered the ideal ideological founder of the present Provincetown Art Association." Twelve years earlier Hofmann, who along with Knaths is today one of the outstanding art patriarchs in Provincetown, wrote that "Hawthorne's work, robust and provocative, gives evidence of an abundant, vigorous mind, of a cataclysmic temperament." Though his paintings are currently out of fashion, Hawthorne was a dynamic force whose name is intertwined with Provincetown's history. The Art Association has even dedicated a special gallery to him.

Other works of high quality are by Edwin Dickinson, early student and long-time admirer of Hawthorne, by Lee Gatch, Stuart Davis, Jack Tworkov, Wolf Kahn, Loren MacIver, and Milton Avery —the last with a canvas where muted color pulsates almost imperceptibly over the entire surface of an aptly named *Green Sea*. The sculpture throughout is disappointing, but then Provincetown is a painter's city, its temperamental light-bathed landscape acting as an irresistible foil for atmospheric color effects.



**"Cleaning Fish," by Charles W. Hawthorne.**

It would be interesting some day to see a rigorously selected group of distinguished Provincetown artists in a historical exhibition stressing only works produced on the Cape, not that such a show would necessarily yield any final answers, for the relationship of a painter to his immediate environment is often obscure. But it might yield at least a hint or two, and, above all, it might produce a good show. —KATHARINE KUH.

## Another Part of the Island

By Norma Farber

IF they had stayed, the beautiful and the wise,
to keep their monster company by keeping
him under command: if somber with surprise
the plot had come upon low Caliban weeping
for loss of servitude, if not for love
of them who owned him; if, in the final version,
he flailed like fiend his horny fists and stove
their shallop in, and cursed them for desertion:

might they, reluctant islanders, have found
the words to soothe him, and the works to save?
Might they have tamed that darkness as their own?
And might they, by some wonder of their grave
author, in time take heart for being bound
to such hell's get, so strangely human grown?



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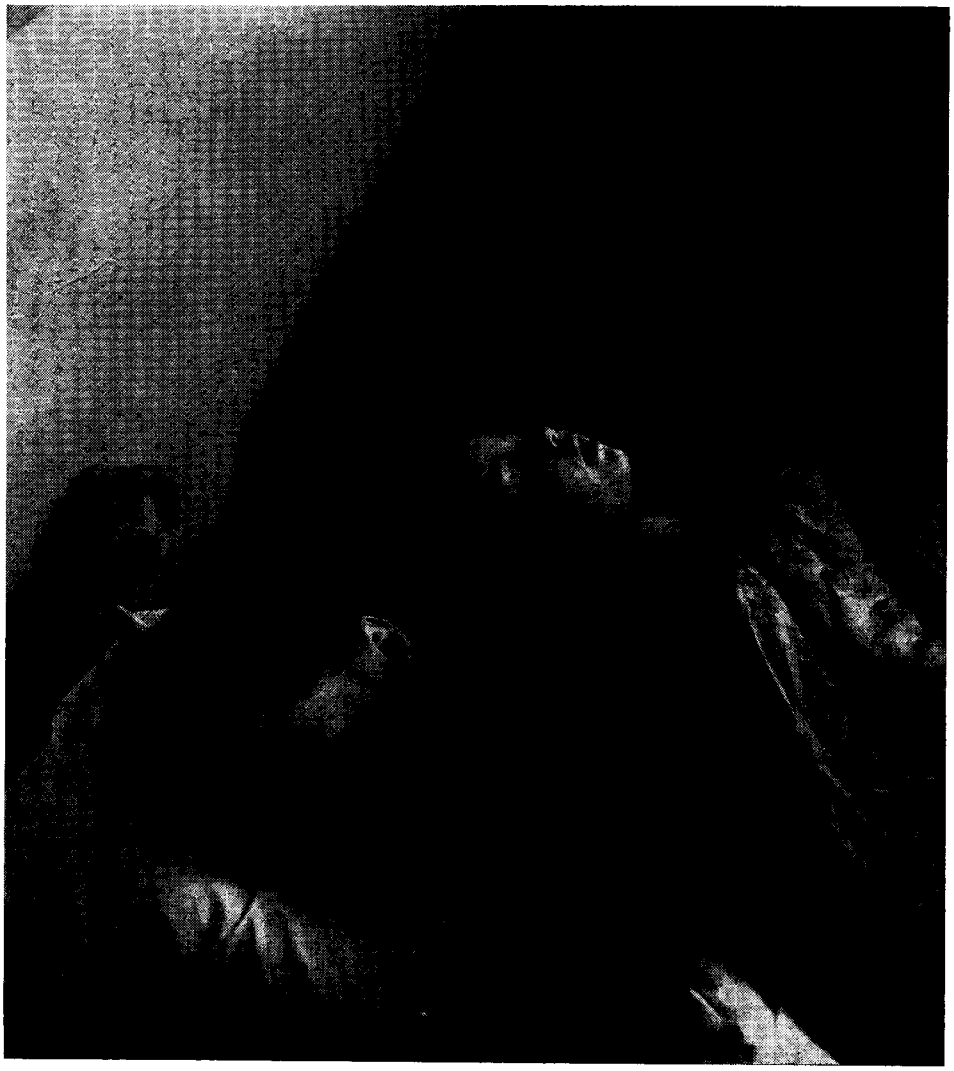
# DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Harry Callahan



**Eleanor and Barbara, Chicago 1955.** *"I hope that when the photographs are looked at, they will touch the spirit in people."*

CREATOR of many images, Harry Callahan is a man of few words and even fewer academic pretensions. All his "statements" are to be found within the picture-edges of his prints; his only "theory" is the practice of his art.

It is fortunate, then, that we now have an opportunity to see his working concepts and techniques displayed in depth—in the double exposure of publication and exhibition. A 240-page retrospective volume, *Photographs: Harry Callahan*, has been published by El Mochuelo Gallery of Santa Barbara. And currently New York's newly opened Hallmark Gallery is the red-carpet setting for a one-man show of 150 photographs, which in mid-October will start a tour of major museums here and abroad.

Both book and show chart a life story of dedication—the visual autobiography of a man's quest-by-camera for Santayanan essences, for form and order and design in the disordered sensory world of daily experience.

No mere data collector, Callahan has used his camera as a divining rod. The areas of probing and search change as the focus and planes of his interest shift—from faces of passers-by to the equally anonymous façades of the buildings that house them, from tattered billboards to tangled reeds and grasses, from intimate fleshly portraits of his wife and daughter to skeletal abstractions of light and shadow. These are the sectors of Callahan's exploration and discovery, and to these he has turned and returned for extended periods of study during his quarter-century career.

"You must start with a concept, with the idea that there is much more to the subject than meets the unaided eye," he told me the other day. "The subject is all-important. And I experiment with various techniques to help me see things differently from the way I saw them before. That is seeing *photographically*, and when you see photographically you really *see*."

At times his technique is the "straight"



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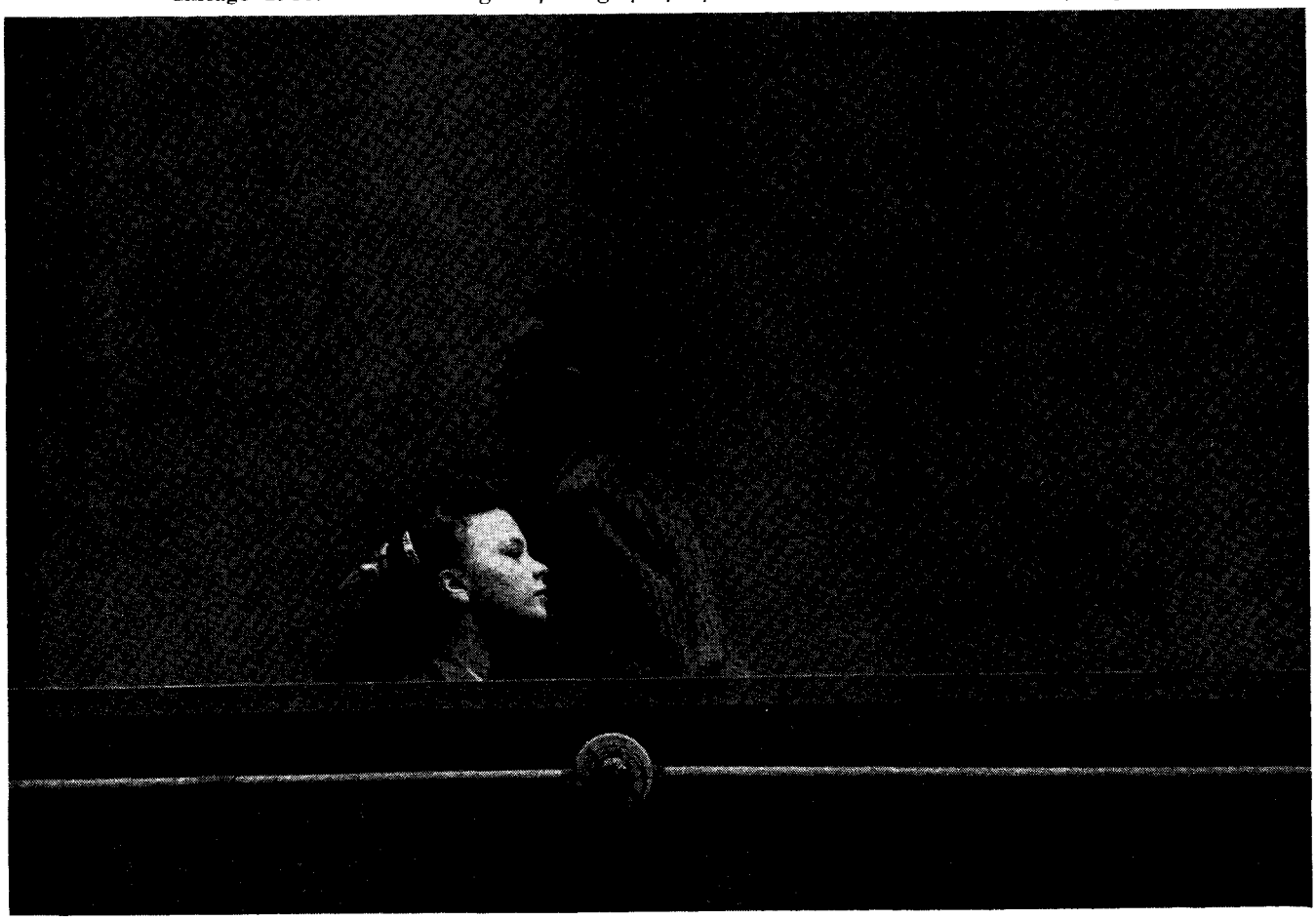
**Chicago 1961.** *". . . I found that people walking were lost in thought, and this (not the literal) was what I wanted."*

**Chicago 1960.** *"I had an urge to photograph people on the streets . . . and to do it freely."*





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**Multiple Exposure Tree, Chicago 1956.** *"I'm interested in revealing the subject in a new way"—often with experimental techniques to isolate and intensify form.*

approach of a traditional cameo portrait; at others it may be the stratagem of multiple exposure that etches the stylized tracery of a tree's foliage, or a trick of camera movement that realigns planes and surfaces into new abstract patterns. But always technique is handmaiden to artistic purpose; it is only the means by which each impression is isolated and intensified.

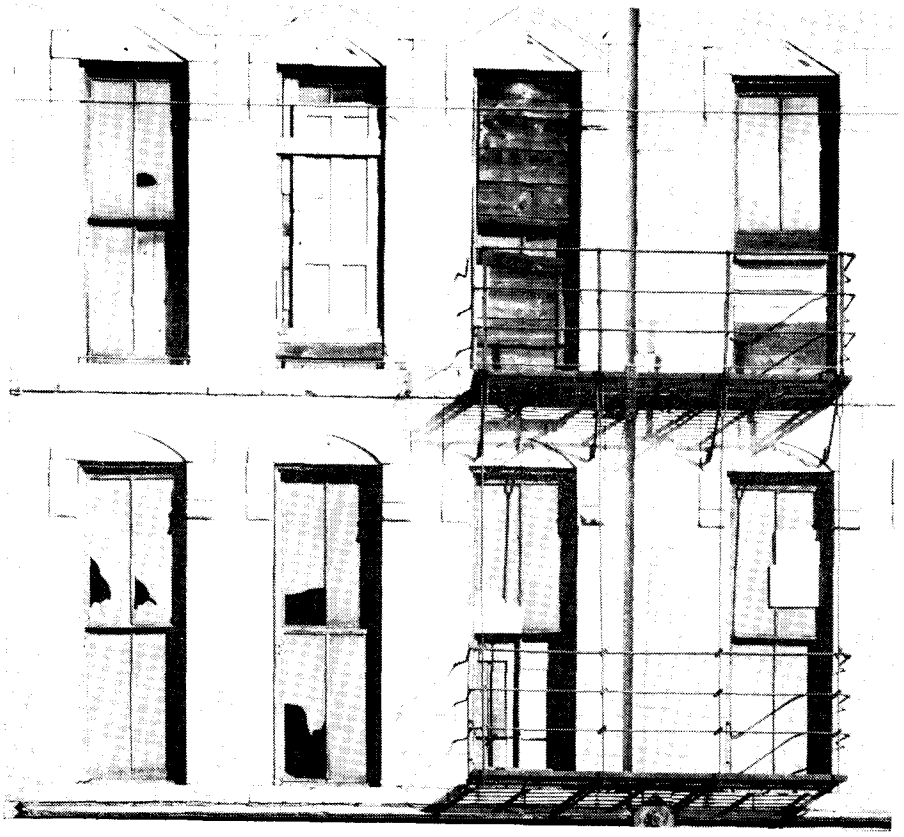
For Callahan, "the difference between the casual impression and the intensified image is about as great as that separating the average business letter from a poem. If you choose your subject selectively—intuitively—the camera can write poetry rather than casual correspondence."

Most critics agree that his camera extracts a poetic statement from even the simplest of subjects. In a foreword to the recently published book, however, his friend Hugo Weber confesses being somewhat puzzled by the photographer's preference for wine-dark prints. As one who has closely followed Callahan's work from his early teaching days at the Institute of Design in Chicago to his present post as director of photographic studies at the Rhode Island School of Design, Weber sums up the characteristically dark print: "I think he does it to make you look twice."

In any case, Callahan has a craftsman's concern for quality prints. He prefers making his own, and those reproduced here were rushed to us directly from his Providence darkroom the day after he returned home from the New York opening of his show.

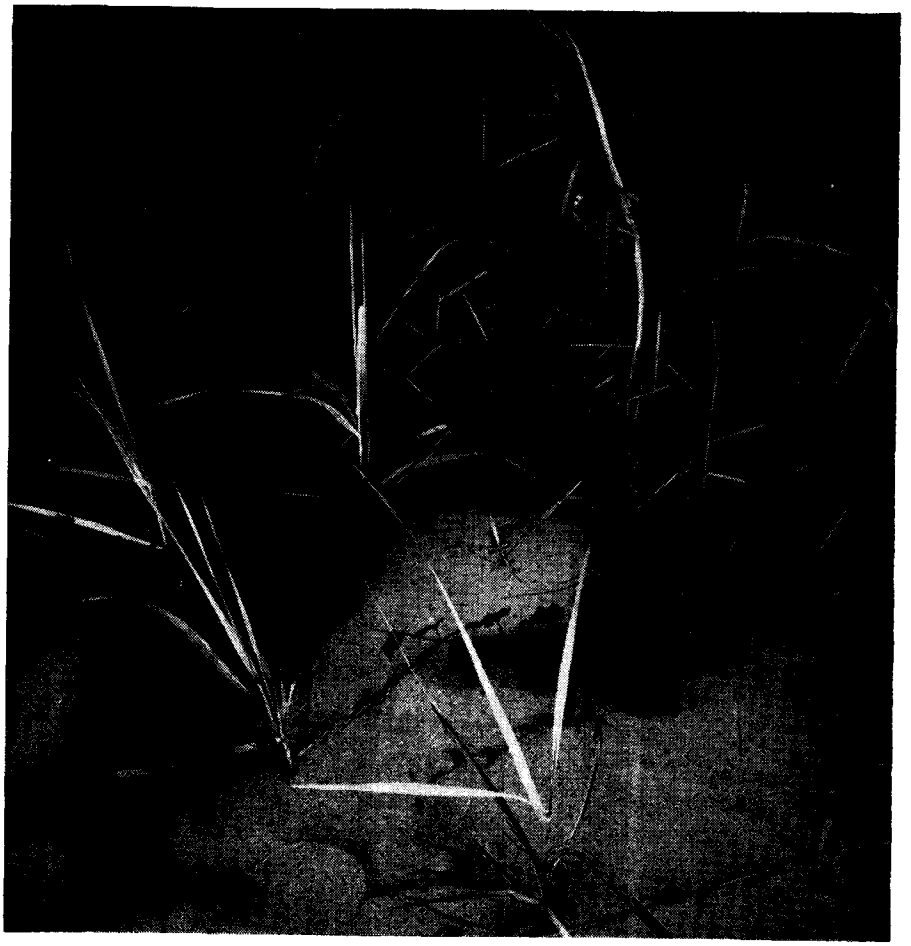
Viewing the work on exhibit as well as on the printed page, we can only applaud the decision of Hallmark Gallery director David Strout "to present these photographs as simply as possible in order that they might speak for themselves." They do—and for Harry Callahan, too.

—Margaret R. Weiss.



**Wells Street, Chicago 1949.** *"A photo is able to capture a moment that people can't always see."*

**Lake Michigan 1949.** *Nature study at close range: "beautiful photographic values of tone and texture."*





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## Ten Years Later

THE Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency had another talk in Washington recently with network chiefs about television's crime-and-violence programs. Senator Thomas J. Dodd, the committee chairman, wanted to know if the witnesses had taken into account in their programing practices a new body of scholarly research that points to "a significant relationship between violence shown in films and subsequent aggressive behavior committed by viewers of the films." The general tenor of the answers was: yes, we are aware of the new data but we haven't changed our minds—no causal relationship has yet been demonstrated between crime and violence on television and violent action in real life.

The networks were concerned about the problem, they said; they would be glad to come to Washington at any time to discuss it further with the subcommittee. Senator Dodd pointed out that they had talked before. In fact, the discourse between Capitol Hill and Madison Avenue on this theme that went on during the 1961-62 hearings of the subcommittee had been foreshadowed back in 1954. Senator Estes Kefauver was chairman then; and after three years of the hearings he reported in 1957: "The industry, brought face to face with the problem of its influence on juvenile conduct, is already making efforts to improve its programs so that a more beneficent diet will be presented to the child turning to television for entertainment . . . it is certainly to be hoped that the industry will police itself and not force the federal government to intervene."

The Kefauver report recommended a Presidential watchdog commission, a tougher FCC policy, minimum standards, and foundation-supported research. Four years later, in 1961, with Senator Dodd in the chair, the committee began yet another talk with the broadcasters. It found that "in spite of fears on the part of the public and the warnings of our behavioral scientists, network executives consciously fostered a trend toward violence by ordering more of it to be included in action-adventure shows, presumably to assure the maintenance of high ratings." The broadcasters were still glad to talk about it in 1961-62, and again they predicted less violence in the future. Senator Dodd, still remonstrating in 1964, said to the networks, "Ten years later, we hear and observe that it is 100 per cent worse . . ." (He noted that CBS had made some improvement.) "Unjustifiable violence and brutality permeate new shows which center around college campuses, hospitals, psychiatrists' offices, and other unlikely locations." In addition, the Senator went on, "The most violent shows of two years ago are today shown during earlier broadcasting hours than they were originally designed for. There has been little or no editing of objectionable content. This means that these programs, which we found so objectionable and which I felt that even the industry was embarrassed with, are being made available to a much larger and younger group of children than ever before."

To which the networks replied in essence: "No shows that we schedule ourselves or sell or lease to stations in syndication deals violate the NAB code; our continuity acceptance departments simply wouldn't permit that. As for the times at which our customers show these syndicated, adult-oriented shows, we, of course, have no control over that: it would be unwarranted." The dialogue between the continuity acceptance people and the Hollywood television studios, as reflected in exhibits of the committee, makes diverting reading. What a pity that the transcripts of these hearings will, when finally released, probably not be read!

When the most recent talk ended, Senator Dodd said there would be more. At one point he said severely to the network executives: "I don't think you care. I am sorry to say that. But that is the way it looks to me. And I think unless you get to a point where you care, the American people are going to make you care. You keep feeding this stuff to their children, and I tell you they are not going to take it forever."

The Senator said to the ABC executives, as he concluded his talk with them: "I hope you are not too unhappy about this hearing." To which one executive graciously responded: "Senator Dodd, we are not unhappy about the hearing. As I said before, we are of the belief that you are focusing the industry's attention upon a problem that exists by the very power of the medium that we are in. And we are aware of the efforts that you are making, and we are perfectly willing to come and talk to you on this subject at any time." Senator Dodd as graciously countered: "Well, I am glad you talked to me. But you talked to me before. And you talked to Senator Kefauver twelve years ago. You are awfully nice people to talk to, and I think you have good intentions. But we don't seem to be getting anywhere." No truer word was ever spoken more graciously. Whatever its faults, it's still our Congress. One hates to see it involved in an exercise in futility. Perhaps the subcommittee and the networks are both kidding the American people. How much exposition do you need before the action commences? Perhaps Congress doesn't want to act, perhaps it can't act, perhaps it shouldn't act; but if we're to keep the Dodd dance going, why can't we have equal time for all sides? The National Association for Better Radio and Television (NAFBRAT), a citizens' group that is gaining members and vigor, tried to get some of its own witnesses heard at the recent hearings, without success. Senator Dodd said it had testified before; he implied it had nothing new to offer. Maybe so. But what did the networks have to offer that was new? Or, for that matter, Senator Dodd? —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

# Divorce

**By Harold Witt**

DIVORCE was one way out and so they took it—
escaped from their prison marriage to unbarred air.
Crazy with freedom, two so long cramped and crooked,
they danced different ways and began to lose that pallor,
laughing along at last where the wind has no door.

They were like school bent children released into summer
as if after June there were nothing further to learn—
chewed candies of whim and swam when the days turned warmer;
from their lives in the leaves no one could call them home.

Wintered again, they look back at that green illusion,
pick at their locks and their partners, dreaming a plan
to tunnel a way through the walls of their own confusion
and find outside, the woman, the ideal man—
the god they needn't love, who will worship them.



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# Position Paper

*Continued from page 29*

tion of it by the Republican convention.

There are, of course, other issues that engaged the attention of Negro voters besides Goldwaterism. The administration of justice has many jagged edges, not the least of which is the manner in which local peace ordinances are used to arrest, convict, and heavily punish those who peacefully protest the denial of constitutional rights. The Mississippi use of this repressive technique, not excluding violence, has been spread this summer before an incredulous nation in connection with the college student project to register Negro voters.

There is also the program to broaden opportunities for the great deprived segments of our population, an effort which has come to be known by its short title: poverty program. The Negro needs desperately all the elements of this project: education, job training and re-training, youth programs, community projects, and all the rest. The partisan commentator may call this anti-poverty effort espoused by President Johnson a "vote-getting" gimmick, but to the set-upon Negro, harried and walled in by forces that yield little to his cries for aid, it is the kind of help to self-help a government should offer its people.

NEGRO Americans are aware of what has been called the "white backlash," but they ascribe part of it to latent anti-Negro feeling which got no open expression until now. They ascribe another part to ignorance as to how greatly the Negro has been proscribed. The average white person who now glibly and heatedly asserts that the Negro is "going too fast" and is getting "preferential treatment" would never have endured the generations of insult, inequality, and denial which the Negro had to live with or perish.

What about this "speed"? Well, in housing, only 2 per cent of the new housing built in the nation since the end of World War II has gone to Negroes, the worst-housed section of our population. Negroes are still pounding bloody fists on the iron doors of America's ghettos. A very few get by the unholy combination of real estate dealers and mortgage lenders, backed up by an indoctrinated, highly emotional white community.

In employment the over-all Negro rate of unemployment is about three times the white rate; in some areas it is five times the white rate.

In school desegregation, the ten-year period since the Supreme Court ruling of 1954 shows a Southwide percentage of 9.3 for Negro children actually enrolled in schools with white children. Less than 1 per cent a year can hardly be called blazing acceleration.

As for de facto school segregation in the North, communities with empty classrooms in one section of the city and platoon systems in the "Negro" section fiercely resist as "un-American" any proposal to transfer the Negro pupils. As their song goes, the Negro cannot be accepted as a neighbor or as a worker or as a schoolmate because he "does not know," but if he seeks to learn, he is "forcing" himself on white people, destroying the neighborhood school, lowering educational standards, taking away "our" jobs, and destroying property values. It is little wonder that, backlash or no backlash, the pressured Negro sometimes strikes back, blindly and senselessly, at the whole velvet barbed-wire set-up.

The misinformation about the Negro is a very real factor in the present political situation. It has been exploited both overtly and subtly by his opponents, open and hidden. It has figured in the clever wrapping up of national and international troubles. It furnishes a backdrop for the "welfare state, hand-out" argument. It stimulates the private property argument. It colors the employment and economic stability contention. It has its place in the anti-U.N., "get tough with the world" thesis. It is not concealed in the fantastically all-inclusive Communist conspiracy preachment. And it was dragged, gratuitously and feet first, into the Republican version of the crime wave by General Eisenhower's reference to the "switch-blade" criminal in his San Francisco speech. It has been a perfect bogieman thus far and bids fair to continue that role in the Goldwater campaign.

Not because this thesis is correct, or because the perpetrators of certain myths are righteous men entitled to consideration, but because it has become strategically desirable—even necessary—the Negro should cease most, if not all, his picketing, marching, sit-ins, and general mass demonstrations until after Election Day next November.

There may be some occasions on which a demonstration may be useful, but these should be considered most carefully. An estimate should be made as to the possibility of a peaceful demonstration flaring into (or being made to flare into) violence and neighborhood mob action.

The energy and manpower used in demonstrations should be channeled into voter registration campaigns, especially in Northern cities and towns where there is no obstacle to registration except apathy in the Negro community.

In many of the tension cities Negro districts are woefully underregistered. This places their people at a disadvantage in securing proper attention from city and state officials. The indifference to registration and voting by Negroes outside the South could be a great aid to Goldwaterism, just as continued demonstrations of a type becoming too familiar could definitely drive scores of thousands of voters into the Goldwater "Negro control" camp.

The Civil Rights Act of 1964, which gave bright promise at the beginning of the summer, could lose its lustre very soon. It could fade, first, under the sneers of the Negro and white extremists to whom any law is meaningless. It could fade, second, under an avalanche of dedicated activity by Goldwater zealots, some of whom are racists and some not. The manipulators of these people seek the kind of control over Negroes and the civil rights issue that will "bury" it, Mississippi fashion. To borrow from the Republican platform of 1964, federal "intrusion" will have the "maximum restraint," meaning Negro problems will be left to the mercies of the local and state police and courts.

If the promise of the Civil Rights Act fades this summer, it will take with it many a fine Republican and Democrat supporter of civil rights, especially those who voted for the bill when the chips were down. Senator Goldwater chose his path: a vote against the bill. The Negro voter has a chance to support those Republicans and those Democrats who voted "yes."

Restraint on demonstrations until after election, active voter registration campaigns, and ballot-box support for those who voted for civil rights can save more than the Negro's future. It can be the factor that preserves the strongest nation in the world as the leader of Western democratic society.

"The Movement," as the Negroes call the civil rights struggle, cannot live in a fascist state. And it may be remarked, neither can freedom, for either white or black men.

**FRAZER YOUNG'S**
**LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1103**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1103 will be found in the next issue.*

NSOH CH TA SUX KOBGR, HXF CH

TA HXXO, SGR FX SUX SOO RXSH.

CAOXU

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1102***

*Life is too short to be small.*
—DISRAELI.





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# Books



LITERARY HORIZONS

## From Wildlife to Belles-Lettres

IT IS interesting and perhaps profitable to compare Cyril Connolly's collection of recent writings, *Previous Convictions* (Harper & Row, $5.95), with a similar volume by V. S. Pritchett, *The Living Novel and Later Appreciations* (*SR*, June 7). Pritchett is erudite, forthright, and conscientious. Connolly is also erudite, but his pieces are urbane, leisurely, and sometimes playful. Although he may range widely, Pritchett makes it his first business to do justice to the volume in hand, whereas Connolly is likely to take off on some theme suggested by the book and then dispose of the book, praising or damning it, in the last paragraph. In my review of Pritchett's book I suggested that Pritchett was peculiarly British; so is Connolly, but in a very different and much more elegant way.

The Connolly book is not limited to literary matters, although more than half of the pieces are on the literary side. He begins with several travel essays—on Italy, Greece, and Egypt—and then, before turning to belles-lettres, discusses a number of books about the animal kingdom. With obvious pleasure he reviews a couple of books on underwater exploration, praises K. Z. Lorenz's fascinating book, *King Solomon's Ring*, talks about his own experiences with lemurs, and goes on to speak of gardening, plant-hunting, and the preservation of wildlife. One tends to think of Connolly as purely bookish, but he really isn't.

The literary pieces, of which there are more than fifty, are divided into two parts, dealing with past and present, "The Grand Possessors" and "The Modern Movement." The first part runs from Petronius, Villon, Shakespeare, and Montaigne to Baudelaire, Huysmans, and Proust. Connolly does not try to deal comprehensively with any of the authors he mentions, but almost always he contrives to define some important theme or to make some rewarding observation. For instance, he quotes Boswell: "We are so formed that almost every man is superior, or thinks himself superior, to any other man in something; and, fixing his view upon that, he is in good temper with himself." Connolly comments: "A man capable of such bland but deadly observation is not to be disparaged."

Connolly has a gift for summing up a man and his work in a sentence or two. Of Horace Walpole, for example, he writes: "If he could never achieve a sublime phrase neither could he perpetrate a bad sentence; the harpsichord music will produce the most enchanting effects; the lighter and gayer the words, the more elusive the sadness while the virtues of his century, good taste, sincerity, measure, breeding will never desert him; his enjoyment of life, his curiosity about the past, his devotion to his friends will remain constant; the rhythm of his prose will achieve the music which his vocabulary is denied." Reviewing Harold Nicolson's book on Sainte-Beuve, he concludes: "Sir Harold has taken down his ill-favored bust, cleaned it, talked to it, judged and forgiven and put it back on a brighter shelf, in a more prominent but no less lonely position." For Baudelaire he has a striking figure of speech: "Baudelaire,

whose intelligence and imagination were as twin Rolls-Royce engines, had managed permanently to foul his superb installation yet never quite prevent the motors from turning."

The section on the modern movement begins with Henry James, George Gissing, Norman Douglas, and Oscar Wilde. Then comes an excellent essay on "The Breakthrough of Modern Verse," in which he writes about Pound, Eliot, Yeats, and others. He calls Eliot "the laureate of our fragmentated age." (Why "fragmentated" rather than "fragmented"?) Admitting his difficulties with Joyce, he refers to him as "this last great mammoth out of whose tusks so many smaller egoists have carved their self-important ivory towers."

The American writers he scrutinizes are Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Wolfe, and

41 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Previous Convictions," by Cyril Connolly

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46 The Day We Were Mostly Butterflies, by Louise W. King

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52 Criminal Record



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Cummings, and he comments shrewdly on all of them. Of Hemingway he writes: "He had one great fault which sprang I think from something warped in his character, a sadistic facetiousness which went with a tendency to sentimentality." He talks wittily about the myth of Scott Fitzgerald, and he sums up Wolfe as "an obsessional neurotic with a gift for words."

The last section has two or three essays on food, a subject in which, as one might surmise from the photograph on the jacket, Connolly has considerable interest. He also talks about book collecting, the Beats, and London, and there are some burlesques, including "Bond Strikes Camp"—a significant title, as matters turn out—in which Connolly presents the late Ian Fleming's famous hero in situations Fleming never dreamed of.

Connolly, who was born in 1903, and was educated at Eton and Oxford, published a novel, *The Rock Pool,* in 1935, but otherwise he has devoted himself to writing essays, chiefly but not exclusively, as we have seen, on literary subjects. In 1940 he and Stephen Spender founded a magazine, *Horizon,* which quickly won a high reputation in spite of the war. Among the contributors were Dylan Thomas, Arthur Koestler, E. E. Cummings, Alberto Moravia, T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, and Randall Jarrell. Spender soon gave up his editorial duties, but Connolly continued for ten years. In *The Golden Horizon,* a selection of the best work that had appeared in the magazine, he wrote: "Editing a magazine is a form of the good life; it is creating when the world is destroying, helping where it is hindering." By 1949 Connolly felt that there was no longer a place for *Horizon*: "It is closing time," he wrote, "in the gardens of the West." Since then he has written mostly for the *Sunday Times.*

Some years ago Edmund Wilson wrote: "In matters of literature Connolly is not quite a first-rate critic—his disparagement, for example, of A. E. Housman seems to me mistaken from beginning to end—but he is often more to the point than the heavier writers on literary subjects, who set out with a vocabulary of jargon, to analyze them sociologically, esthetically, or philosophically." As everyone agrees, Connolly is not a systematic critic, and there are persons who regard him as frivolous. His style has an elegance that sometimes seems an affectation, as his Epicureanism may seem a pose; but, as Wilson observed, he does have a way of getting to the point of any book he reads. Unlike some critics of his age, he has not grown weary of reading, and when he finds something that he likes, he is eager to share it with others.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

# A Proud Hero in War and Peace

—*Culver.*

**Douglas MacArthur—"warm in praise . . . blunt in detestation."**

***Reminiscences,*** *by General of the Army Douglas MacArthur (McGraw-Hill. 428 pp. $6.95), reflects the pride the commander of the Pacific forces in the Second World War took in being a great soldier and shepherd of a conquered people. Mark S. Watson is military correspondent for the Baltimore Sun.*

By MARK S. WATSON

WHETHER Douglas MacArthur will be better remembered as one of the great soldiers in history, or as the benign pro-consul in the Japan in which he, its wartime conqueror, became genuinely revered for the huge political, economic, and social reforms he effected there in peacetime, is anybody's guess. In either role he stands high; in both roles he took a fully justifiable pride. His was a remarkable career, with countless successes and few defeats.

MacArthur was enormously proud of his Scots ancestors. A grandfather, who was brought to America as a boy in 1825, became briefly governor of Wisconsin and later a United States judge in Washington. His father, another Arthur MacArthur, enlisted at the age of seventeen in the Union Army, distinguished himself repeatedly, became, at nineteen, the youngest colonel in the Army, then, taking a second-lieutenancy in the postwar Army, wound up its ranking officer after his notable performance as military governor of the Philippines. Young Douglas grew up in frontier posts and in the Philippines, where his glory was far to eclipse that of his father. At West Point, he achieved the Academy's highest scholastic record and its highest rating in military leadership; subsequently, as superintendent there in post-1918 days he initiated major reforms.

If he had pride, even in his youth, it is understandable. "By God," a half-irritated contemporary is said to have exclaimed, "I believe he's as good as he thinks he is." MacArthur had outstanding virtues but, unfortunately, he could neither tolerate being overruled by higher authority nor convince himself that in such case higher authority might be right. Too, he expressed his resentment, sometimes in contemptuous terms, and it was this flaw in a host of near-perfections which sometimes undid him. At the end, he must have recognized it, for in these *Reminiscences* MacArthur mentions ruefully that his grandfather once cited "a lesson which unhappily I have not always emulated: 'Never talk more than is necessary.'"

The old warrior tells of his own brilliant service in World War I ("the most remarkable officer I have ever known," said the French General Gouraud), and recalls his later reluctant service on the Billy Mitchell courtmartial. He staunchly defends Herbert Hoover's order to disperse the bonus-march, and his own firmness in carrying it out (under him that day, he notes, were Majors Dwight D. Eisenhower and George Patton).

MacArthur served an unprecedented five years as Chief of Staff in an era of starvation budgets and rampant pacifism, while abroad Hitler was beginning to rise. Then he was dispatched to the Philippines to try in too few years to build up the island's defenses. Men were still too feebly armed and too feebly trained, and airplanes and fields still unready, when the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor. There being no communications, MacArthur believed the Japanese must have been repulsed, and was plainly caught unawares a few hours later.



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Orders had been given to move his helpless planes from Clark airfield but "I never learned," he says, "why these orders were not properly implemented." Then, strangely, at chapter's end he writes, "We were as ready as we could possibly be in our inadequate defenses."

MacArthur recognized that the unready air element in the Philippines "never had a chance of winning" and that after Pearl Harbor the Navy was "unable to maintain our supply lines." Yet a bit later he says, "It was my impression that our Navy might well have cut through to relieve our hard-pressed forces . . . serious Naval effort might well have saved the Philippines." Neither Navy nor Army chiefs before or since have supported that view, or MacArthur's belief in that desperate time that Russia, for all its involvement with Germany, ought to help him out by attacking Japan.

MacArthur was sure the prolonged defense of Bataan upset Japan's timetable and saved Australia. So are the Australians. And when he reached Australia and found it nervously planning to defend only its southern portion from expected attack, it was MacArthur who instead boldly set up Allied defenses well to the north on New Guinea, where the heroic U.S.-Australian collaboration did in fact blunt the Japanese advance and thereafter make possible, aided by superb timing and sacrifice in the Solomons and the north, the ingenious and dazzling thrusts which never stopped until Japan was beaten down. MacArthur thought it would have been an earlier and less costly victory had there been one instead of two MacArthur-Nimitz thrusts. He is repeatedly critical of Admiral King, of Generals Marshall and Bradley, and of "political meddling" and "Washington decisions," which might have been Roosevelt's or Truman's. His fury with the latter (hotly returned) is unconcealed; Mr. Truman, who fancies his historical knowledge, will be still more furious to find it appraised as "of a superficial character, encompassing facts without logic and reasoning."

To the end, MacArthur deplored General Marshall's China policy as Secretary of State, holding the rejection of Chiang Kai-shek responsible for the vast Communist success in Asia that ensued. He also gives the back of his hand to Dean Acheson and, frequently, John Foster Dulles. In MacArthur's glowing account of his own leadership during the Korean War he angrily denies both the justification for his relief from command and the widely published interpretations of remarks that led to Mr. Truman's harsh action. History's evaluation of the General's spectacular activities in this period, and in the Second World War, may be somewhat less admiring than MacArthur's own; its estimate must still be that he is among America's greatest soldier-heroes.

Yet his truly enormous success in the rebuilding of Japan may be accorded a greater monument than his military glory. Under MacArthur an ages-old military dictatorship was transformed into a liberal government committed to peace. Its harsh educational system was transformed, its ruined economy revived, its budget miraculously put into balance, its political, civil, and religious restrictions eliminated, its very moral tone uplifted. And all this was achieved by MacArthur's calm encouragement to the astonished Japanese to do these things themselves rather than take them under compulsion—surely a radical act for a military conqueror.

Despite the frequent purplish expression and sententious pointing of a moral, *Reminiscences* reveals a great American, proud of his mighty feats, warm in praise of his men, blunt in detestation of his foes, devoted to his last breath to the Army and the West Point motto: "Duty-Honor-Country."

# Cossack Recalls the Red and White

***Russia, My Native Land,** by Gregory P. Tschebotarioff (McGraw-Hill. 384 pp. $6.95), offers insights into the life of the Cossack military class, which was the mainstay of the czarist empire. Olga Carlisle, author of "Voices in the Snow," is currently working on a study of modern Soviet poetry.*

By OLGA CARLISLE

GREGORY TSCHEBOTARIOFF is an eminent American engineer who has been a member of the Princeton University faculty for many years. He was born in Russia at the turn of the century, into a family of the Cossack military caste which was then of recent nobility and great wealth. Mr. Tschebotarioff's paternal grandmother owned coal mines in the Donetz.

The author's gifts as an autobiographer include respect for fact, but not style. What he has to say makes absorbing reading for anyone with an interest in the recent Russian past. *Russia, My Native Land* offers insights into the life of the class that was the mainstay of the Russian Empire until 1917, with its legendary complacency, its obliviousness to social injustice, and the abject subservience of its members to higher authority.

Tschebotarioff's parents seem to have been more enlightened than most members of the milieu to which they belonged. The author himself views the Revolution as a class struggle rather than a clash of ideologies or nationalities. He records faithfully the means by which the czarist military brass fought the Bolsheviks after 1917—their collaboration with the Germans in the Ukraine, their loud though unheeded

—*From the book.*

**Pictured in a French cartoon of 1814, a young Don Cossack guard officer is restrained by his orderly from meeting some Parisian hussies.**



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clamoring for a more massive Western intervention in Russia. Only occasionally do old biases find expression in his narrative: "Much has been written about how the Allied intervention is responsible for Russian distrust of the West because this intervention was directed against the Revolution. This is only partially correct. No less important in this respect are the feelings of deep distrust engendered in Russian hearts by the way the West was unwilling to make any real sacrifice in the struggle and the way it repeatedly let down the Russian Whites who had put their trust in their Western 'allies'—something very well-known to the Russian Reds."

Mr. Tschebotarioff joined the White Army after the Revolution. His thorough knowledge of military techniques and tactics enables him to provide an absorbing account of the fighting that took place between 1917 and 1920. This drama culminates in a glimpse of the last great cavalry battle ever fought: in February 1920, when 20,000 Red horsemen, led by the famous Budenny, met 12,000 White cavalrymen in the midst of a frozen steppe. The Whites were defeated, and from then on White resistance in Russia crumbled. Mr. Tschebotarioff, along with thousands of other Russians, left his native land.

Abroad he became the protégé of Professor Thomas Whittemore, director of the American Committee for the Education of Russian Youth in Exile. Professor Whittemore, a distinguished archeologist specializing in Byzantine studies, played an admirable role in assisting many young *emigrés*. However, when Mr. Whittemore wrote the author in 1926, "You are Russians. Your seed can fertilize only if put back into the creative elements to which you are native and endued," Mr. Tschebotarioff did not share this view. Instead, he led an active, fruitful life in the West. Thirty years were to pass before his contacts with his native land resumed.

These contacts, and a subsequent visit to the USSR in 1959, were due to Mr. Tschebotarioff's profession of engineer of soil mechanics and foundations. A man of science, he found at once a common language with his Soviet counterparts. His military origins caused no alarm among the Russians (paradoxically, these origins appeared to be more reassuring to them than a leftist background might have been). The last chapter of *Russia, My Native Land* relates the author's homecoming with great matter-of-factness. While it gives us a good idea of recent Soviet technological achievements, it fails to describe any of the complexities of contemporary Soviet life. Neither does it wholly capture the emotional impact which this experience must have had for Mr. Tschebotarioff.

# When the Dawn Came up in Erin

***Vive Moi!**, by Sean O'Faolain (Little, Brown. 374 pp. $6.75), reveals the Irish writer to be very much a product of his native Cork. Roger B. Dooley is head of the Division of Liberal Arts at Borough of Manhattan Community College of the City University of New York.*

By ROGER B. DOOLEY

AS THE twentieth century wears on, the Irish literary talent, so long repressed or diverted to English channels, seems to be turning more and more to memoirs and autobiographies nostalgically harking back to the earlier, greater years. It would be sad indeed if the newly industrialized, internationally-minded Ireland, with all its gains, has lost the fiery spirit that once made its writers the "walkin' playboys of the Western world"; yet this is the melancholy impression left by Sean O'Faolain's autobiography. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very heaven!" he inevitably quotes. Even here, however, the elegiac tone refers to the struggle for Irish independence rather than to the literary revival, which O'Faolain missed by a generation.

Unlike most Irish writers who have chronicled their early lives, Sean O'Faolain (born John Whalen) recalls a childhood painfully cramped by what he calls "genteelism" of the shabbiest sort. His father, a Cork policeman humbly content with his place in the hierarchy, cringingly respectful to his betters, and blindly loyal to the British crown, never dreamed of questioning Ireland's domination by England. His mother, who in addition to genteelism was also warped by the narrowest of Irish Catholic puritanism, emerges, despite all her son's efforts to be fair and charitable, as one of the least likable mothers in Irish literary history. Though she took in boarders (touring "artistes" from the nearby theater) and scrimped and saved, presumably for the sake of her three sons, she never made them feel loved, only that they had been tried and found wanting.

The drab, cowed figures of the parents are presented as typical of Cork, a city which O'Faolain makes sound like the very nadir of stifling provincialism. A measure of its narrowness may be taken by the fact that he had never seen, or apparently heard of, the Abbey Theater until he was fifteen, when a touring production of Lennox Robinson's *The Patriots* awoke his budding imagination to the possibilities of writing about common Irish life.

Even then he developed slowly, not so much actively thwarted as simply retarded and smothered by the oppressive environment of Cork. Unlike Joyce, he was not one to size up his milieu and reject it from the start. Two Catholic schools, affectionately described, certainly did nothing to widen his intellectual horizons, nor was the University College of Cork much help. Not until he became involved in the almost evangelical movement to revive the Irish language and subsequently served as a guerilla fighter for the Irish Volunteers (predecessors of the IRA) did he begin to grow into the man and the writer he was to become. Painful disillusion with those who quixotically clung to the myth of a nonexistent Irish Republic left him at loose ends until the rare opportunity of a graduate fellowship at Harvard (1926-29) gave him a whole new perspective on the extremely limited world he had known.

Meanwhile at odd moments he had pursued an off-again, on-again relationship ("romance" would surely be too emotional, and non-Irish, a word) with a fellow freedom fighter, Eileen Gould, whom he eventually married in Boston in 1928. They spent several years in London, where Edward Garnett acted as literary midwife to O'Faolain's still unborn career as a writer.

Frank O'Connor, whom O'Faolain had known as Michael O'Donovan when they were boyhood friends in Cork, is rather too casually touched upon and dismissed, and Yeats, whom both saw constantly as members of the Irish Academy, is pictured as an almost inhuman literary idealist whom no one ever really came to know at all. O'Faolain has little also to say about the ferocious Irish censorship that made the country a laughingstock in the eyes of the world except that it is now being administered somewhat more intelligently.

His style throughout is as sharply evocative as any admirer of his fiction could wish; yet one is left with the uncomfortable feeling that O'Faolain is more narrowly a product of his Cork background than he is even now aware.


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# Life Was Like a Chessboard

***The Defense,*** *by Vladimir Nabokov (Putnam. 256 pp. $5), portraying a chess master who is a social misfit, seeks to allegorize life in terms of the Royal Game. Robert J. Clements is associate editor of New York University's Gotham Library.*

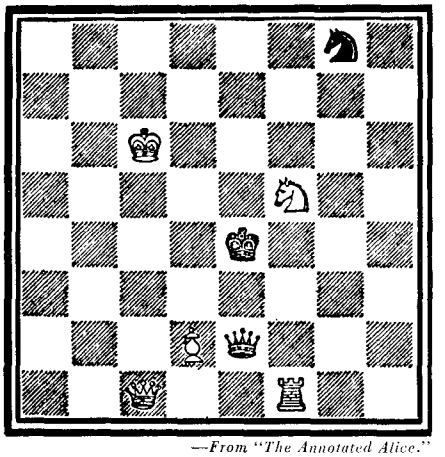
By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

VARIOUS wits have defined life as a miniature of the theater, or of the novel. Back in 1929-30 an unknown young novelist, V. Sirin, decided to demonstrate through a novel that life is a microcosm of the chessboard. "Real life, chess life, is orderly, clear-cut, and rich in adventure," announced V. Sirin, later unmasked as V. Nabokov. This was a truth obvious to serious chess players ever since the Indians invented *chaturanga* in the sixth or seventh century A.D.

It was during the concluding years of the chess championship of Alexander Alekhin that Nabokov began his novel about a Russian chess master, Alexander Ivanovich (Luzhin). It was not to be a key-novel, the reader was informed, and Luzhin bore little resemblance to the grand masters of the Twenties, least of all to Alekhin, with whom I once as a boy played an exhibition game and whom I idolized as the most urbane of men. For Luzhin is a social misfit, whose success as a chess master contrasts with his failure as a social being.

Nabokov devotes a lengthy exordium of Proustian recall to Luzhin's erratic boyhood in czarist Russia, when he discovers that a talent for chess is the needed pretext for him to leave school. He soon plunges into the tangled vastnesses of the chess world. With a swiftness equaled by the November Revolution itself, Nabokov whisks Luzhin through youth, reintroducing him to us in "seedy manhood," as an awkward, fat, inarticulate emigré in the postwar Russian circles of Berlin—poor in friends but rich in admirers among chess devotees. Luzhin plays in tournaments in Rome, Manchester, Amsterdam, and elsewhere, his ubiquities allowing young Nabokov to stake out a claim as one of our most international novelists, writing in a most international language.

Luzhin contracts marriage with a saintly Russian emigrée (white describing both their politics and their marriage), who looks after him like a governess. Conjugal domesticity does not bring him closer to social normality. He is so willfully a tragic misfit ("uncouth, unwashed, uncomely") that his personal failure is less pitiable than the destruction he inflicts upon those surrounding him. Nabokov archly calls this his "warmest" novel.



—From "The Annotated Alice."

**End game played out in Lewis Carroll's *Through The Looking Glass:* White (Alice) to win in eleven moves.**

Arrived at the height of his powers, Luzhin faces his rival for chess supremacy, the redoubtable Turati. Having sequestered himself for years in the ivory tower of chess preparing a special defense against the Turati Opening (the novel was originally entitled *The Luzhin Defense*), Alexander has reached that paraphasia familiar to chess addicts in which all spatial relationships of everyday life (furniture, tiles, trees and telegraph poles, flecks of moonlight) assume their place on a hallucinatory exchequer. He can no longer cope with reality, for his only reality is that of the chessboard. "Now in sleep there was no rest at all, for sleep consisted of sixty-four squares, a gigantic board in the middle of which, trembling and stark naked, Luzhin stood, the size of a pawn, and peered at the dim positions of huge pieces, megacephalous, with crowns or manes." When the crucial first game with Turati is adjourned (the crafty Italian does not deploy his famous opening), Luzhin collapses and is sent to a sanitorium. Chess is henceforth forbidden to him. After a dubious convalescence, Luzhin, a mental cripple, resumes life in Berlin. Deprived of chess, he nevertheless views wife, family, and society as hostile forces trying through a "perfidious combination" to checkmate him. Again he must devise a counterplay, as clever as the earlier Luzhin Defense. When the demented man runs out on a dinner party at his home ("I have to drop out of the game") to smash a bathroom window and hurl himself to destruction, the reader comprehends that Luzhin's last defense is the difficult suicide-mate.

Any book by Nabokov is news, even a forgotten novel in Russian that appeared in an emigré quarterly and endured for only one printing. Although Nabokov never bores, the novel is uneven and sometimes even jerky, qualities that Nabokov attempts to explain away as inherent in a novel based on the very techniques of chess. The new styles of both Joyce and Proust are in evidence, and even techniques of early German cinema. All his players verge on caricatures, and Luzhin seems to have been right for the roles—mixtures of disheveled oafishness, aberration, and pathos—played by the then-reigning Emil Jannings. Many of the stylistic and narrative tricks subsequently perfected by Nabokov are already here: shifts of viewpoint, infatuation with phonetics, the euphony of names ("Luzhin illusion"), puns, the novel- (and film-) within-a-novel. Even the preface forecasts later prefaces (a publisher would have accepted earlier the English version if Luzhin were recast as a mad musician/*Lolita* ditto if the nymphet were transvested into a boy). Nabokov's wit and bite are already at work on bureaucrats, Bolsheviks, crooners, movie magnates, and psychoanalysts.

*The Defense* is surely a less interesting novel, however, than the genial idea that prompted it: that of portraying life as a dramatized chess game. Chess was intended here to serve two purposes: to give the novel its subject matter and its structural pattern.

Chess as the stuff of prose and poetry is as old as the Sanskrit and Persian romances of the 700s A.D., when the fate of a kingdom or of a marriageable princess hinged on the outcome of a chess game. Throughout the Middle Ages chess was dramatically exploited, notably in Chaucer's *Book of the Duchess, The Romance of the Rose, Les échecz amoureux,* Chrétien de Troyes's romances, and in the chess contests with death so beautifully filmed in Bergman's *Seventh Seal.* The trend has continued to modern times, reaching perhaps its highest dramatic utilization in Stefan Zweig's short story about the anti-Hitlerian prisoner in solitary confinement who teaches himself chess well enough to stump a chess master in his first real try at the game.

Nabokov's handling of the subject matter is more thorough than any here-



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tofore, for he probes every element of the chess world, from the psychology and theory of the game to its very paraphernalia: chess clocks, pocket sets, tournament rules, and so on. Nabokov is an able chess student as well as an able lepidopterist.

Unfortunately, he keeps hinting that his novel is structured on an actual chess game. ("My story was difficult to compose, but I greatly enjoyed taking advantage of this or that image and scene to introduce a total pattern into Luzhin's life and to endow the description of a garden, a journey, a sequence of humdrum events with the semblance of a game of skill and especially in the final chapters, with that of a regular chess attack demolishing the innermost elements of the poor fellow's sanity.") There is even an implicit challenge for us to "replay the moves of the plot." Such an intriguing prospect is however, an empty one, as it also proves to be in Beckett's *Endgame*.

Indeed, the goal of converting an actual chess game into fiction has almost never been achieved. In Rabelais's Fifth Book there appears a highly dramatized chess ballet (cribbed from an Italian source) with a minimum of clues for partial replaying. Middleton's *Game at Chess* (1624) is an allegory of English-Spanish diplomacy, with kings, queens, and courtiers representing actual pieces. But no actual game is involved. To my knowledge the only authors other than Rabelais, and to some extent S. S. Van Dine in *The Bishop Murder Case*, who have created fiction out of actual games are Paul Anderson in his story "The Immortal Game" and Lewis Carroll, who gave us a madcap chess game in *Through the Looking Glass*. This game (see page 45) was worked out through sixty-six moves in 1910 by Donald Liddell.

Nabokov takes a delight in spoofing critics ("hack reviewers") and even his general readers ("people who move their lips when reading"). He was again spoofing when he promised us that chess game of life in *The Defense*. Readers starting out to play through the moves of Luzhin's Defense are falling right into a Fool's Mate.

# The Making of a Murderer

***The Man with Seven Names,*** *by Alves Redol, translated from the Portuguese by Linton Lomas Barrett (Knopf. 382 pp. $5.95), portrays an orphanage alumnus whom circumstances turn into a vicious killer. William L. Grossman is on the faculty of New York University.*

By WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN

WITH this translation of one of his recent works, Alves Redol (born 1911), the founder of "neo-realism" in Portuguese fiction and a popular writer in this tradition, makes his American debut. Although there is controversy about the true nature of their movement, the Portuguese neo-realists appear, in general, to be concerned with the lives and problems of poor people, to imply an adverse criticism of the Establishment, and to prefer plain narrative statement to literary adornment.

These characteristics apply to Redol in *The Man with Seven Names*. The major part of the book is the biography of Alcides, a bit of human flotsam whom circumstances turn into a vicious killer. We follow him through his miserable childhood in an orphan asylum, where he is beaten fiercely and repeatedly by the matron. Once, he takes the matron's pigeon out of its cage and is petting it when he hears her footsteps in the hall; he runs into the bathroom and strangles the bird. "All my life since then I've been suffering the punishment for that killing."

In adolescence Alcides seems to overcome his difficulties. He works as a farrier's assistant, plays harmonica at country dances, and becomes, at least superficially, a healthy-minded young person. The death of his best friend in a threshing-machine accident ends this phase of his life and reawakens his latent feelings of loneliness and rage.

**Alves Redol—in neo-realism "a world of interrogations."**

He is subsequently impressed into the French Foreign Legion, where his morbid experiences, especially his shooting of defenseless prisoners, virtually wreck Alcides's mind. After his discharge he kills a man on slight provocation and is sent to prison.

The structure of the work is perfectly suited to its substance. At the beginning we meet Alcides in the prison, where he tells his life story to another prisoner, an intellectual who happens to come from Alcides's home town. Most of the book is ostensibly written by this man, who reads each chapter to Alcides as soon as it is finished. About two-thirds of the way through the book, however, Alcides becomes angrily dissatisfied with his fellow prisoner's way of telling the story and thereupon undertakes the narration directly in the first person, with consequent intensification of its dramatic quality, a change strikingly appropriate to the developments in his life from that point on.

By interrupting the story line from time to time and reverting to Alcides in prison, Redol forces us to see all the aspects of his protagonist's life, even the picaresque, the comic, and the idyllic, in tragic long-term perspective. The effect is almost that of a chorus telling us to connect the beginning with the end, the matron with the murderer. "She wasn't to blame for everything, —nobody ever is to blame for everything, and they're all to blame for something. But I remember it was her I thought about the first time I fired a shot in that war in Morocco." In Alcides's bucolic interval, when things are going comparatively well, we are reminded that fate will still bring disaster. But this is not fate in the classic sense, for the author implies that in a better society the tragedy could have been avoided. He sees in Alcides's history "a world of interrogations to which men have to give replies."

The translation ranges from excellent in some places to shoddy and even misleading in others.

**A Camp in Erewhon:** The shadowy world of the Greenwich Village homosexual would hardly appear, at first blush, to be the most fertile ground for a humorous novel. But *The Day We Were Mostly Butterflies*, by Louise King (Doubleday, $3.95), actually a collection of four related short stories that take place in exactly such a setting, is not only humorous but downright comic.

The narrator clearly identifies himself early in the game as Maurice Soulé Calhoun, an interior decorator and technically male; it would be impossible to discern from the diction whether the story is being told by a man or a woman. And that seems to be exactly what



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**Louise King—"highly original."**

the author intended. In addition to Calhoun, *The Day We Were Mostly Butterflies* introduces Miss Moppet, a scatterbrained blonde who brims over with sex appeal—for both sexes; Lillian, a muscular, truckdriver-type lady who drinks; Emma Hamlet Woodhouse, a turtle, named for Miss Moppet's favorite literary works; Butchy, a horned toad; Scotty Heiffitz, who works for NBC and leads a perplexing, diversified social life, and assorted other inhabitants of a fanciful Erehwon that, at least in Miss King's engaging telling of it, is not so much shadowy as cheerfully lunatic.

At the hands of the characters who populate this exotic world, the simplest incidents—an escaped turtle, a lost key, an outing to the beach—instantly mushroom into outlandish adventures. If the stories provide a clue to what makes these people tick, it would seem to lie in their lack of a sense of proportion, their inability to distinguish between the large and the small, the important and the petty, the slap in the face and the imagined slight.

But the author skims quickly over such matters, concentrating, for the most part effectively, on the farcical aspects of her characters' activities. This is a first novel, and, while the character-probing may fall short, the technique does not. The sum total is a highly original and arresting piece of work.

—Joel Kane.

***Coming October 3***

**SR's Fall Book Number**

# *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

### *Anthologies*

The Adirondack Reader. Edited by Paul F. Jamieson. Macmillan. $10.

Braude's Treasury of Wit and Humor. By Jacob M. Braude. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

Chuang Tzu: Basic Writings. Edited by Burton Watson. Columbia Univ. Press. Paperback, $1.75.

Ideas and Diplomacy: Readings in the Intellectual Tradition of American Foreign Policy. Edited by Norman A. Graebner. Oxford Univ. Press. $12.50.

### *Art*

Mannerism: The Painting and Style of the Late Renaissance. By Jacques Bousquet. Braziller. $20.

### *Current Affairs*

The Changing Structure of International Law. By Wolfgang Friedmann. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.75.

The Civil Service of Pakistan: Bureaucracy in a New Nation. By Henry Frank Goodnow. Yale Univ. Press. $7.50.

The Democratic Civilization. By Leslie Lipson. Oxford Univ. Press. $10.

Federalism and Civil Rights. By Burke Marshall. Columbia Univ. Press. $3.50.

The Management of Defense: Organization and Control of the U.S. Armed Forces. By John C. Ries. Johns Hopkins. $6.50.

The Management of Scientists. Edited by Karl Hill. Beacon. $4.95.

### *Essays*

On the Contrary. By Sydney Harris. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

### *Fiction*

Anyone Got a Match? By Max Shulman. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Benjamin and His Fathers. By Herbert Heckmann. Knopf. $5.95.

Birch Interval. By Joanna Crawford. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

Farnham's Freehold. By Robert Heinlein. Putnam. $4.95.

The Hawk Is Humming. By George Mendoza. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.95.

The Hostages. By Elizabeth Ann Cooper. Doubleday. $4.95.

The Inner Room. By Vera Randal. Knopf. $3.95.

Katherine Wentworth. By D. E. Stevenson. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

The Lamp Post. By Martin Gregor-Dallin. Knopf. $4.95.

Meet My Maker the Mad Molecule. By J. P. Donleavy. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.75.

Nothing Like the Sun. By Anthony Burgess. Norton. $3.95.

The Overseer. By Loys Masson. Knopf. $3.95.

The Short Throat, the Tender Mouth. By Doris Grumbach. Doubleday. $3.95.

A Song of Sixpence. By A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown. $4.95.

Tomorrow's Fire. By Jay Williams. Atheneum. $5.95.

Tree of Arrows. By Louis A. Brennan. Macmillan. $5.95.

The Wind's Will. By Gerald Warner Brace. Norton. $4.50.

### *History*

The Arabs. By Anthony Nutting. Clarkson N. Potter. $6.

Churchill and Ireland. By Mary C. Bromage. Univ. of Notre Dame Press. $5.

Dream of Empire: German Colonialism, 1919-1945. By Wolfe W. Schmokel. Yale Univ. Press. $6.

The Early Dynastic Period in Egypt. By I.E.S. Edwards. Cambridge Univ. Press. Paperback, $1.75.

Egypt in Color. By Margaret Drower. McGraw-Hill. $25.

Elizabethan Privateering: English Privateering During the Spanish War, 1585-1603. By Kenneth R. Andrews. Cambridge Univ. Press. $7.50.

Great Military Battles. Edited by Cyril Falls. Macmillan. $19.95 to Dec. 31; $25 thereafter.

McGraw-Hill Illustrated World History. Edited by Esmond Wright and Kenneth Stampp. McGraw-Hill. $17.50.

Regional Economic Growth and Maturity in the United States. By George H. Borts and Jerome L. Stein. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

The Secret History of the Mongols and Other Pieces. By Arthur Waley. Barnes & Noble. $6.50.

The Social Interpretation of the French Revolution. By Alfred Cobban. Cambridge Univ. Press. $3.95.

Sources of Indian Tradition. Edited by William Theodore De Bary and Ainslie T. Embree. Columbia Univ. Press. Paperback. Vol. I, $3.25. Vol. II, $2.75.

Upton and the Army. By Stephen E. Ambrose. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $5.

Vistas of History. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Knopf. $4.

### *Literary Criticism*

The Educated Imagination. By Northrop Frye. Indiana Univ. Press. $4.50.

The English Mind: Studies in the English Moralists. Edited by Hugh Sykes Davies and George Watson. Cambridge Univ. Press. $6.

The English Moralists. By Basil Willey. Norton. $6.95.

Mr. W. H. By Leslie Hotson. Knopf. $6.95.

Nature and Art in Renaissance Literature. By Edward W. Tayler. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.

A Study of Elizabethan and Jacobean Tragedy. By T. B. Tomlinson. Cambridge Univ. Press. $6.

### *Miscellany*

Alone Through the Dark Sea. By Thomas Whiteside. Braziller. $5.

American Heritage Cookbook and Il-

*(Continued on page 53)*



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# Man and Method— Which Is Master?

***The Technological Society,*** *by Jacques Ellul, translated from the French by John Wilkinson (Knopf. 449 pp. $10.95), sees technical progress as bringing "inevitable and irreversible collectivist tendencies" in its wake. Harry Howe Ransom, who is a professor of political science at Vanderbilt University, is the author of "Can American Democracy Survive Cold War?"*

By HARRY HOWE RANSOM

RARE is the modern man who has escaped the pervasive and disturbing impact of the automatic machine and of organizational techniques upon his daily life. Many among us have felt increasingly the frustrations of dealing with large impersonal bureaucracies, be they government or private. And few persons today escape the massive commercial and political propaganda efforts to shape our thoughts and behavior. Are we, then, becoming the slaves of a technological society?

Whether mankind can survive technology with individual freedoms intact is a question that in recent years has been discussed mainly with reference to the baleful effects of the atom, of automation, or of the population explosion. But a universal and autonomous technology, or "technique" in Jacques Ellul's broader definition, poses threats to humanity quite aside from nuclear incineration or economic dislocation. The dismal prospect of a society increasingly collectivized, enslaved, and dehumanized by techniques now possible is the main concern of this book.

Here is an incisive diagnosis of modern society and its effects on the individual man. Mr. Ellul is professor of history and contemporary sociology at the University of Bordeaux. His book was first published in France in 1954, under the title *La Technique*, and was revised prior to its translation into English by John Wilkinson. Robert K. Merton has written an introduction.

With this book Mr. Ellul takes his place as a major analyst and social philosopher alongside Oswald Spengler, Thorstein Veblen, Siegfried Giedion, and Lewis Mumford. Ellul's central concept is *technique*, which he defines much more broadly than previous analysts, who were inclined to limit their studies to machine technology. Ellul's definition covers all means that man has devised for utilizing resources to secure any objective whatsoever. His point is that technique, aided by an accelerating technology, has become an overpowering end in itself, indifferent to human values. He thinks, consequently, that a universal concentration camp may be in prospect for all societies without exception. Here is a new and original version of the Spenglerian thesis that the technological society bears the seeds of its own destruction.

Mr. Ellul's primary concern is with the individual. Though one searches this book in vain for any extended, coherent discussion of his view of the ideal social environment, he clearly holds a romantic conception of man's "natural" state, which he sees as being destroyed by a materialistic, consumer-dominated economy and by Cold War. In Ellul's version of man's natural state man does "his daily work with his muscles," breathing "the good air of nature," and inhabiting a "living environment" instead of one made of "stone, cement, asphalt, glass, cast iron, and steel." Says Ellul: "Man was created to have room to move about in, to gaze into far distances, to live in rooms which, even when they were tiny, opened out on fields." But this book is far more than an agrarian protest against an industrialized society. Ellul believes that technique has become a Frankenstein's monster threatening to destroy its creator by means of the "monolithic technical world" that, in his view, "is coming to be."

Mr. Ellul offers a system of thought that brilliantly identifies the forces at work in our increasingly technical civilization. His method of analysis is dialectical: Technique ultimately transforms means into ends—or, conversely, ends into means. The ultimate objective of society becomes the perfection of technique, be it in economics, government and politics, police management, or recreation.

Ellul finds the pervasive influence of technique to be most evident in economic affairs. The values of technique and efficiency impose centralism and planning on the economy, along with an ever-increasing concentration of capital. The result is a depersonalized society, an inevitable consequence whether the economic system be capitalist or communist. Ellul's economic analysis is unorthodox; but its central theme, if not all of its details, is persuasively stated. As the technocrats, seeking the "one best method," take over not only the management of the economy but also the function of creating economic theory and doctrine, all concern with the moral values of a given economic structure is eliminated.

Politics, too, is threatened by the technicians, who see government as simply another opportunity to apply the latest techniques. Dictatorship inevitably comes to be seen as the political form best suited for the application of technique and the most efficient utilization of resources. Ellul's logic finds in every situation an innate opposition between technique and democracy. This is not a matter of ideology; it is simply the inevitable result of the state's resorting to the use of organizational, psychological, commercial and banking, scientific, sociological, and even biological "techniques." In the process the human politician and human choice are progressively eliminated.

Traditional democratic values, such as individual rights, political equality, and a balance between liberty and authority, are in Mr. Ellul's logic not adaptable to the "modern social reality" of technical progress.

This disturbing work defies classification as sociology, economics, or philosophy. It has elements of each, and more. The author's inventive mind has created an almost endless variety of ways of repeating his central point. Such tautology may be a serious literary flaw, but it ultimately strengthens rather than weakens Ellul's analysis.

One must decide, in evaluating this brilliantly insightful book, whether to accept the author's basic finding that technology must bring with it inevitable and irreversible collectivist tendencies, regardless of whether a society is democratic or authoritarian. This reviewer dissents.

Man need not allow technology to enslave him in a "concentration camp" run by technicians if he can adapt his institutions to modern realities and thereby transcend the technological prison. True, the problem of balancing liberty and authority is ever more challenging in a technological society. The great value of Mr. Ellul's study is the vivid warning it gives of the consequences of failure to meet this challenge.



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# Lament for a Land in Torment

***Quisqueya,*** *by Selden Rodman (University of Washington Press. 202 pp. $5.95), exposes the perpetual torment of which one tiny Latin American country's history is composed. Dan Kurzman, correspondent for the Washington Post, wrote "Subversion of the Innocents."*

By DAN KURZMAN

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, more than most Latin American countries, is a nation chained to a ruthless, violent past, a history that has alternated bitterly between chaos and revolution on the one hand and terroristic dictatorship on the other.

Selden Rodman's *Quisqueya*—the title is the ancient name of the region—presents in compact form a grotesque cumulative picture of its perpetual torment. From the first pages, describing the systematic extermination of the indigenous Indians by the first Spanish colonists, to the last, which dwell on the recent overthrow of democratic President Juan Bosch by a power-hungry military-oligarchal clique, this book is grim, almost merciless reading.

It is also significant reading. For it bares not only the cruel and seemingly unconquerable legacy of a single small country, but the fundamental obstacles that block social, political, and economic advancement throughout Latin America today. This book might well serve as a reply to those who criticize the Alliance for Progress for not performing overnight miracles.

In narrower terms, it offers a timely background to the events that have led to the turmoil now gripping the Dominican Republic as it reels under a new orgy of corruption, chaos, and authoritarianism.

Never did the country appear to have a better chance of achieving liberty and prosperity than in 1961, following the assassination of dictator Rafael Trujillo. Dazed and subdued after a thirty-year reign of terror, the Dominican people, with the support of the United States, went to the polls in 1962 to elect a leader of their own choice.

He turned out to be Juan Bosch, an intellectual democrat endowed with the idealism, political morality—and political naïveté—of Woodrow Wilson. And, like Wilson, he was destroyed by men of a more "practical" stripe. Bosch promised, and gave, his country a degree of democracy it had never experienced in its history. The United States enthusiastically prepared to make the Dominican Republic an Alliance showcase, pouring millions of dollars into the tiny nation.

But within six months, before Bosch could start implementing the social reforms that would give democracy meaning, the military and the entrenched business interests, seeing their traditional privileges threatened, overthrew him in a coup d'état, using "Communist infiltration" as an excuse. And thus the tragic cycle of instability and oppression continues to plague the luckless country.

America's deep disappointment over the ouster of Bosch, and its refusal to give more than token aid to the present undemocratic Dominican government, appear in sharp contrast to the callous, cynical attitude exhibited here in the past toward democratic development in Latin America in general.

It is uncomfortable to be reminded by Rodman that the U.S. marines occupied the Dominican Republic from 1916 to 1924—an occupation accomplished, ironically, under Woodrow Wilson. "The Navy Department, engrossed with the war in Europe," the author points out, "was satisfied to let the military government in Santo Domingo drift into a frank dictatorship." Although the U.S. forces created a civil service, modernized agriculture to some extent (without breaking up the feudal estates), improved sanitation, expanded education, and reduced the national debt, they failed to give the nation what it needed most—education in democracy. However, American officers were not lax in providing military training. One of their students was Trujillo, who learned from them the efficiency of dictatorship and the means of imposing it.

*Quisqueya* does not offer many deep or new insights into Dominican history, nor does the reader gain from it a full understanding of the character and motives of the personalities who shaped it. Trujillo emerges as a villain, but never as a human being. Juan Bosch, a tremendously complex individual, is glossed over in shallow journalistic brevity.

Nevertheless, as a condensation of historical fact hitherto available only through considerable research, *Quisqueya* is a highly useful book.

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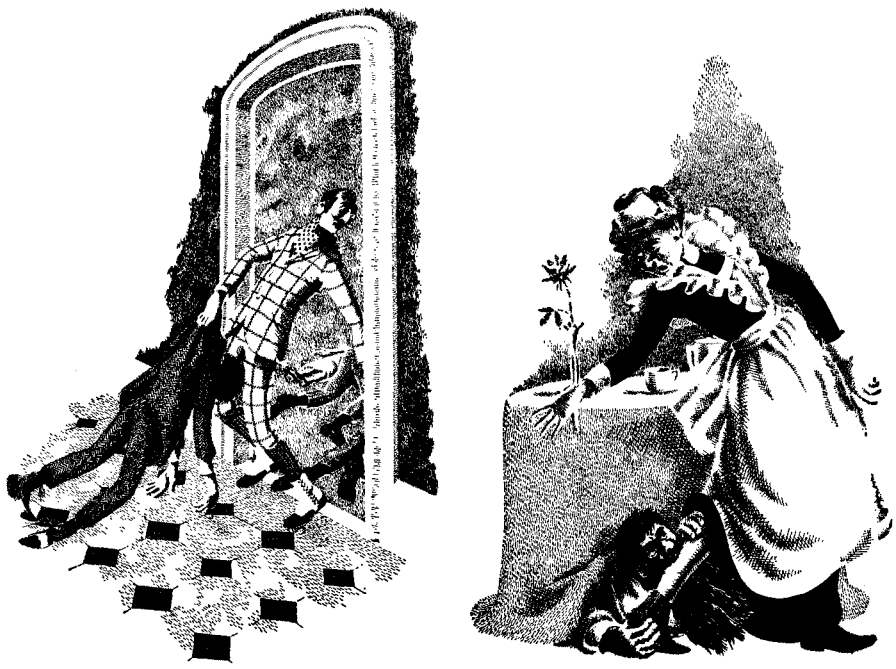
**Fallout 1912:** Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's favorite fictional creature was not the immortal Holmes, whom he came to regard as an incubus, but the hirsute scientist George Edward Challanger. In *The Poison Belt* (Macmillan, $4.50) the redoubtable professor deduces that the earth is about to pass through a band of toxic "ether," and arranges to protect himself and four companions in a shelter equipped with oxygen tanks. Drawings by William Péne du Bois depict the erratic behavior and stupefaction that precede the catastrophe.





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# Swing Into Books

By ALICE DALGLIESH

ALTHOUGH it is August as this is being written, children's books for the fall are pouring in to reviewers. Apparently the publishers have made a great effort to get their picture books out on time for Children's Book Week, which to avoid coinciding with American Education Week, was set one week earlier than usual, November 1-7. Our young people's number will be dated November 7, and that issue and the Christmas one will present some of the best books of the year. However, I cannot resist starting with a few, especially with the tiny ones that children like to own.

The theme of Children's Book Week 1964 is "Swing Into Books," and the poster showing a child on a swing between the legs of Bruno Munari's tall flamingo is very gay. All the streamers, and the mobile, feature animals, as do so many of the younger books. The use of animals solves the problem of making Book Week decorations that will interest a wide range of ages. "Swing" is supposed to have a double connotation, I believe, though for the teens books and swing scarcely coincide.

We are fortunate (or in a few cases unfortunate) in having movies that tie in with children's books. A package that just came in contained Harcourt, Brace's *Mary Poppins* and *Mary Poppins Comes Back*, by P. L. Travers ($5.95), a nice fat book with a pink jacket bearing a picture of Julie Andrews, who plays Mary Poppins. Walt Disney made the film, and those who must have pictures (and text) from the film will find these in various Golden Books. The Harcourt volume has the original illustrations by Mary Shepard, with color added to some of them. I judge by Pamela Travers's remark on the jacket flap that she may have been a little surprised by the Walt Disney Studio's version of her story. As she says: "It is interesting to see how books undergo a sea change when transferred to another medium. . . . Magic when translated to the screen inevitably becomes trick."

On the other hand, I was interested in a theory advanced by Robert B. Radnitz in the August 28th *New York*, the Sunday *Herald Tribune* magazine. In an article entitled "For Better Films, Start with Children" he claims, "If our sincere desire is to make artistic adult films, then we must educate our audience, starting with the children, to accept them." I had never thought of children's book films as building up a new audience of movie-viewers; rather the other way: children look for the book after seeing the movie. Mr. Radnitz, who made *Island of the Blue Dolphins*, *Misty*, and *A Dog of Flanders*, also says that any major studio coming out with an announcement slate of films for children will receive strong backing from . . . the press, publications and the public." As I remember, one of our newspaper critics reviewed favorably the *scenery* of *Island of the Blue Dolphins*, and ended, "Kiddies, it's all yours." Well. . . !

THESE films are for middle-group children perhaps eight to ten or eleven. Young children do not need motion pictures at all. However, many of us have been interested in the semi-movie project quietly being carried through at Weston Woods Studios in Connecticut under the direction of Morton Schindel. I say "semi-movie" because he has an iconographic technique that gives the effect of motion on the screen, and his group of films, *Picture Book Parade*, has been most successfully used in schools and libraries. Special music and narration of the story accompany each film. I visited Mr. Schindel's studio last year, and was particularly impressed by the way M. Sazek's travel picture books (San Francisco, New York, and so forth) come to life on the screen. Mr. Schindel is also planning to produce some short regular movies of stories from children's books. The *short* is important; I can remember how the very young audience (some only three and four) wriggled in their seats at *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm*, which was really not for them, and not a very good film —except for the scenery. If younger children are to be taken to motion pictures, they need artistic, carefully produced pictures, and not the blaring, often terrifying, wide-screen pictures that play to grown-ups.

THIS year Weston Woods Studios cooperated with the American Library Association in producing an adult film, *The Lively Art of Picture Books*, which presents the work of thirty-six picture-book artists, and includes interviews with Maurice Sendak, Barbara Cooney, and Robert McCloskey. This was written and directed by Joanna Foster Dougherty. The film is both rented (booked up through December) and sold to cities or PTA groups. Those interested should write to Weston Woods Studios, Weston, Connecticut, or to the American Library Association in Chicago for information and prices. The film begins with Randolph Caldecott and includes present-day artists, with Mrs. Dougherty, Children's Book Specialist for *Publishers' Weekly*, commenting on the books as they are shown on the screen.

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**The Tiny Little House.** *By Eleanor Clymer. Pictures by Ingrid Fetz. Atheneum.* 56 *pp.* $2.95. The little house was crowded in between two tall city houses, and nobody lived in it. Jo Alice and Jane took it over and cleaned it up. Then they found a tenant, an old lady who made delicious peanut butter cookies. Unfortunately, the landlord arrived and demanded rent. How his heart was melted by peanut butter cookies is the part of the story that almost no one—including wise four- to eight-year-olds will believe, but it's a neat and tasty ending. Color pictures, comfortably literal but with a touch of style, make it a book any small girl should enjoy owning. Ages 4-8.

**A Surprise in the Forest.** *By Eleanor Schick. Illustrated by the author. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $1.95. One day when Mouse was walking in the woods he found a Surprise, and the tiny story holds its surprise until the very end. Threes and fours will like rereadings because for them the plot of a story is satisfying over and over. Perhaps children will like to read it to themselves later—when they can improvise surprise endings of their own. Sometimes it is, in itself, a pleasant surprise to find a small book illustrated, as is this one, entirely in simple black line—with a modern touch. Ages 3-6. (5?)

**Childhood Is a Time of Innocence.** *Written and illustrated by Joan Walsh Anglund. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $1.95. This pretty little book is for sentimental ladies. Children who have had the other Anglund books may like it for its small size and pictures, but they have no real kinship with such statements as: "Childhood is a time of innocence. It is the morning time of life. . . . It begins with being born and ends with growing up." This is childhood as seen by an adult, and it is hung about with happiness. All ages (?).

**See Saw.** *By Joan Kahn. Pictures by Crosby Bonsall. Harper & Row.* 24 *pp.* $1.95. This is another tiny book, with black-and-white pictures of great simplicity. It is also a participation book because the children will soon be saying it as they play see saw; they may also be able to read it. Ages 3-6 (scarcely extended to 7 and 8?)

**Lito and the Clown.** *By Leo Politi. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. All the gaiety and color of a traveling carnival came to a village in



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Mexico, but Lito was sad. He didn't want to see the carnival or the tall clown on stilts who advertised it because Paquita, Lito's kitten, had been chased away by a stray dog and might never be found again.

The plot is slight, but action steps up as kitten and dog disrupt a puppet show. The tall clown is able to help so all ends well. Ages 4-8.

**The Happy Lion and the Bear.** *By Louise Fatio. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. The Happy Lion is one of the top-favorite characters in picture books, also one of the most decorative. In this story (among the best) he argues with a new bear at the zoo, and they do a good deal of roaring and growling. At the end they are friends, and the moral, skillfully inserted in the lion's conversation, is "One should not roar at people before one knows them better." (See *SR*, Aug. 22 for interesting interview with the Duvoisins by Haskel Frankel.) Ages 4-8.

**Shoes for Punch.** *By Joceylyn Arundel. With pictures by Wesley Dennis. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. Both boys and girls—especially those who like ponies—will enjoy this story of a little Shetland that wanted shoes. The utterly realistic pictures in sepia make it hard for adults to vizualize a pony asking for shoes, but the combination of text and pictures won't bother the younger children. What Punch wants is to have shoes that make sparks and go clip clop on the road—and he gets his wish. Ages 4-8.

**Hear Ye of Boston.** *By Polly Curren. Illustrated by Kurt Werth. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 36 *pp.* $3.95. Polly Curren says that American history used to puzzle her as a child because there were so many things "going on at once in different places"—which, of course, is rather characteristic of history. She proposes to show one series of events (the beginnings of the American Revolution) as they happen in various places. Beginning with her own city, Boston, she offers a pleasant, readable narrative with adequate pictures. I simply cannot visualize young children's understanding of history being clarified in this way, but perhaps we shall understand the author's purpose better as other books appear. Crispus Attucks, the Negro killed in the Boston Massacre, seems to have been given his place in one picture, though it is not very clear. Ages 5-8.

**Nikkos and the Pink Pelican.** *By Ruth Tooze. Pictures by Janina Domanska. Viking.* 64 *pp.* $2.75. The famous pelican that lives on the island of Mykonos has been featured in three books within the last two years. Evaline Ness made him into a fairy tale; this story is realistic, for a Greek-American artist goes to the island and meets Nikkos, a Greek boy who is also a friend of the pelican. The book has a slightly different slant, for it shows an American girl going to the home of her forebears and painting all the lovely colors she sees there. She also helps Nikkos to paint. "I live in Chicago," she tells Nikkos. "Sometimes we are called 'Greek-Americans.'" It's the only way to distinguish the various groups, I suppose, but one can see she's a bit sensitive about that hyphen. The Japanese solved it by being Nisei; however, they are the only ones who have. Janina Domanska's pictures in three colors are attractive. Ages 7-10.

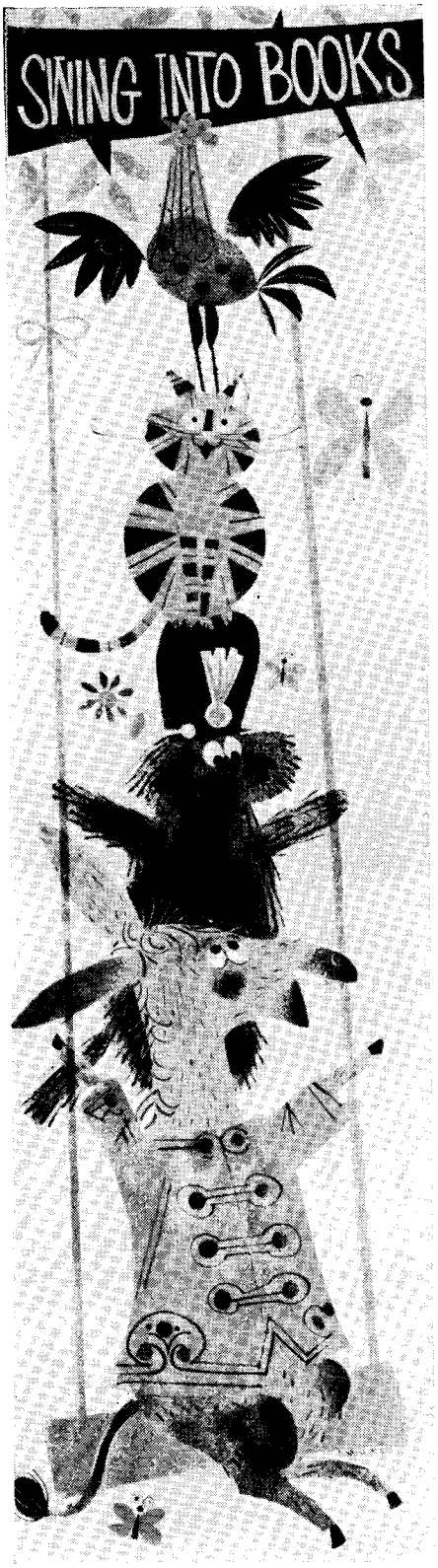
**Ribsy.** *By Beverly Cleary. Illustrated by Louis Darling. Morrow* 192 *pp.* $2.95. This story of the familiar and much-loved Huggins family starts (literally in a pictorial chapter head) with a flea. The flea is under the collar of Ribsy, the Hugginses' dog, whose effort to dislodge it starts the story moving. Ribsy is on center stage all the time. He gets lost in the parking lot at the shopping center, and the Huggins family is distraught. Meanwhile the family that finds Ribsy gives him a violet-scented bubble bath—perhaps the funniest chapter in the book. Ribsy travels on through other amusing adventures. When he finds the way back to his family, Mr. Huggins delivers the understatement of the story: "The dog is ours and has been for several years. We just —misplaced him for a while." Ages 8-12.

**The Bee Man of Orn.** *Story by Frank R. Stockton. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. This is one of Mr. Stockton's more involved stories, and it has been given a rather heavy production, which lacks magic though it is artistically good. The Bee Man lives with a houseful of bees and eats honey, but is never stung. He is not, however, satisfied with his life and wishes to know his origins, to return to what he was—a theme much in keeping with present-day nostalgia for "the good old days." A magician changes him into a baby, and he is brought up by a woman who sits tearing her hair because her own baby has been carried off by a dragon. Years later the magician passes by, and finds that the man has grown into exactly what he was before—The Bee Man of Orn. Ages 8-10.

**The Life of a Queen.** *By Colette Portal. Translated by Marcia Nardi. Braziller.* 24 *pp.* $2.95. While we put much emphasis on realistic nature stories, it is interesting to see that the French have different ideas. The publisher claims that this book is "a nature tale giving authentic information and insight into the life of familiar creatures." It isn't exactly that, however, for imagination has entered in: the work of the ant queen is realistic enough, but she does have a rocking chair, a bed, and other appurtenances, including a crown.

Nevertheless, this is a most striking picture book with color illustrations beautifully reproduced, so we can enjoy the European touches of fantasy. Ages 7-9.

**The Story of Moslem Art.** *By Christine Price. Illustrated with photographs and drawings by the author, Dutton.* 159 *pp.* $4.95. Opening dramatically, this handsome book shows the Arabs sweeping into the many countries they will conquer—and the art they will then appropriate, setting the local artists and artisans to work to produce it. Besides providing many pictures of Persian manuscripts and mosques with elaborate decoration characteristic of the times, the author demonstrates that not all Moslem painting is an imitation of the past; present-day artists use their ancient themes and also paint in a realistic western style. The book is an effective introduction to both Islamic art and history. Ages 12 up.




*—Ed Emberley.*

**One of the streamers made for Children's Book Week.**



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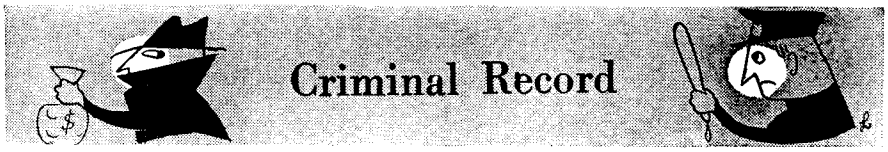


**The Recluse of Herald Square.** *By Joseph A. Cox. Macmillan.* $4.95. Death in New York of "Ida Wood," 94, in 1932 in shabby room containing a fortune in securities (plus 50 $10,000 bills) led to arduous detective work in Louisiana and Ireland which paid off literally and handsomely. This altogether engrossing narrative is by a jurist who figured prominently in solution of case and in divvying of the inheritance (1,103 lucre-lovers tried to horn in, 10 made the grade).

**Enchanting Little Lady: The Criminal Life of the Marquise de Brinvilliers.** *By Virginia Vernon. Abelard-Schuman.* $4.50. This is the life story of the world's first known arsenic poisoner (France, 1630-1676), beheaded for her numerous and varied wrongdoings. Brisk and lively, but with some built-in dialogue.

**Five Times Maigret.** *By Georges Simenon. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $5.95. This quintuple omnibus (all units restored to circulation are novel-length) is mandatory for any mystery fan who never heard of the great Sûreté ace—if such there be, which is highly unlikely. Long live auld acquaintance, as the French have it.

**Three Times Three Mystery Omnibus.** *Edited by Howard Haycraft and John Beecroft. Doubleday.* $6.50. This 830-page blockbuster includes three novels (Chandler, Household, Marsh), three novelettes (McBain, Christie, Stout), and nine short stories by other tried-and-true practitioners. Perfect for that flight around the world with stopovers.

**Killer in the Rain.** *By Raymond Chandler. Houghton Mifflin.* $5.50. These eight previously uncollected stories are the work of a 'prentice Chandler trying himself out (1934-41) and succeeding brilliantly. The introduction is by Philip Durham of UCLA. Essential reading.

**Ellery Queen's Double Dozen.** *Edited by Ellery Queen. Random House.* $4.75. Twenty-four tales from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* compose this 19th annual collection (only 23 authors, but one author offers 3-in-1 job and one story is a two-man collaboration). Choice assemblage, as usual.

**Two Men in Twenty.** *By Maurice Procter. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Chief Inspector Martineau of Granchester (English megalopolis), with assorted cops and copesses, locks horns with top-flight mob of London heisters. An absolute knockout!

**You Only Live Twice.** *By Ian Fleming. New American Library.* $4.50. James Bond, British Secret Service ace, after blowing two cases following death of his bride of a day, is sent to Japan on a win-all or lose-all basis. Ian Fleming died about the time the American edition of this book was released. The publishers have one more Fleming manuscript, *The Man with the Golden Gun*, which will be published in 1965.

**The Clocks.** *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $4.50. Discovery of elderly male's corpse in blind woman's living room containing six timepieces hands Detective Inspector Hardcastle real toughie, but Hercule Poirot takes it all in stride. Heavily overpopulated, but a sure-fire attention-gripper, naturally.

**Friday the Rabbi Slept Late.** *By Harry Kemelman. Crown.* $3.95. North-of-Boston Jewish community jolted when body of pregnant woman turns up in temple parking lot; good local cops ask many questions. Sensitive performance, with fine comic relief; a winner all the way.

**The Antagonists.** *By William Haggard. Washburn.* $3.50. Ultra-Curtain scientist, flown to London to deliver speech, has real rough time; Red diplomat, British security head, and Yank undercover man team effectively. A-1.

**Night of the Short Knives.** *By Burke Wilkinson. Scribners.* $4.50. SHAPE staff tizzies as Red agents go all out to crack Allied morale; plot climaxes in kidnapping, followed by lurid marine activity in Seine estuary. Long, but not too long, and thoroughly takable.

**My Name Is Death.** *By Lesley Egan. Harper & Row.* $3.95. L.A. lawyer's male divorce client is tagged for murder, but doubts arise as clues and corpses accumulate. Spreads out a bit, but comes together nicely as tension builds.

**Vendetta for the Saint.** *By Leslie Charteris. Crime Club.* $3.95. First full-length tale in 20 years recounting exploits of "the Robin Hood of modern crime" takes him from Naples to Sicily on trail of *mafiosi*. Welcome back *signore!* —SERGEANT CUFF.



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# Check List

*Continued from page 47*

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF AMERICAN EATING AND DRINKING. Simon & Schuster. $9.95 to Dec. 25; $12.50 thereafter, De luxe edition, 2 vols., $12.45 to Dec. 25; $15 thereafter.

AS YOU LIKE IT, CHARLIE BROWN. By Charles Schulz. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Paperback, $1.

THE BORDERS OF THE IMPOSSIBLE. By Lionel Terray. Doubleday. $6.95.

CRAZY-QUILT COOKERY. By Bunny Day. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE ILFORD COLOR BOOK OF FLOWER DECORATING. By Joan Groves. McGraw-Hill. $3.95.

THE SILENT MIAOW: A Manual for Kittens, Strays, and Homeless Cats. By Paul Gallico and Suzanne Szasz. Crown. $3.95.

A UNIVERSITY IN THE MAKING. By Albert E. Sloman. Oxford Univ. Press. $3.25.

WINES OF ITALY. By Luigi Veronelli. McGraw-Hill. $20.

### *Music, Theater*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TIN PAN ALLEY: The Golden Age of American Popular Music. By David Ewen. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.95.

POOR BITOS. By Jean Anouilh. Coward-McCann. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

### *Personal History*

D'ARTAGNAN: The Ultimate Musketeer. By Geoffrey F. Hall and Joan Sanders. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

THE DIARY OF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. Edited by Aida DiPace and David Donald. Harvard Univ. Press. 2 vols., $20.

THE GIFT OF JANICE. By Max Wylie. Doubleday. $2.50.

HENRY WATKINS ALLEN OF LOUISIANA. By Vincent H. Cassidy and Amos E. Simpson. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $5.

JOHN MILTON: Man, Poet and Polemicist. By Emile Saillens. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

QUEEN OF THE PLAZA: A Biography of Adah Isaacs Menken. By Paul Lewis. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.95.

THE RECLUSE OF HERALD SQUARE. By Judge Joseph A. Cox. Macmillan. $4.95.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS. By Maisie Ward. Sheed & Ward. $5.95.

### *Poetry*

THE NARRATIVE POEMS OF MARK VAN DOREN. Hill & Wang. $7. With *Collected and New Poems*, boxed set, $15.

### *Psychology*

NO LANGUAGE BUT A CRY. By Bert Kruger Smith. Beacon. $5.

### *Religion, Philosophy*

THE "ADAGES" OF ERASMUS: A Study with Translations. By Margaret Mann Phillips. Cambridge Univ. Press. $9.50.

THE BIBLE AS HISTORY IN PICTURES. By Werner Keller. Morrow. $7.95.

BODY, MIND AND DEATH. Edited by Antony Flew. Macmillan. Paperback, $1.95.

CHRISTIAN WISDOM AND CHRISTIAN FORMATION. Edited by J. Barry McGannon, S.J. Sheed & Ward. $6.

A HISTORY OF ISRAEL. By Leonard Johnston. Sheed & Ward. $3.95.

THE MAN FOR OTHERS. By Erik Routley. Oxford Univ. Press. Paperback, $1.50.

MEDITATIONS ON THE MASS. By Bernard C. Mischke, O.S.C. Sheed & Ward. $4.50.

THE PAPACY. By Christopher Hollis. Macmillan. $25.

RICHER BY ASIA. By Edmond Taylor. Revised edition. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

GO AND SIN

Here, presented by S. Ibbotson of Brookline, Massachusetts, is a group of words each of which includes the letter combination SIN. You are asked to write in the missing letters. Answers on page 77.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | __SIN__ __ __ | obstinate |
| 2. | SIN__ __ __ __ __ | requiring little or no work |
| 3. | __ __SIN | a substance from pines |
| 4. | SIN__ __ __ | vigorous |
| 5. | __ __ __SIN__ __ | a hooded basket |
| 6. | __ __SIN__ __ __ __ | termination |
| 7. | SIN__ __ __ __ __ | monotonous in rhythm |
| 8. | __ __SIN__ __ __ __ | to introduce artfully |
| 9. | __ __ __SIN | a sweet grape |
| 10. | __ __SIN__ __ __ __ __ __ __ | to break up |
| 11. | __ __SIN__ __ __ | a liquor containing wormwood |
| 12. | SIN__ __ | a lawful mountain |
| 13. | __ __SIN__ __ __ __ | hypocritical |
| 14. | SIN__ __ __ __ __ | portending evil |
| 15. | __ __ __SIN__ __ __ | kinship |


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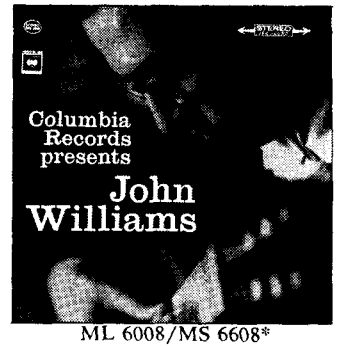
ANDRES SEGOVIA

Thus the most celebrated of guitarists expressed his reaction to the 1958 debut recital of a 17-year-old prodigy, John Williams. Since then the young Australian has won world acclaim for his concert appearances.

Now Columbia Masterworks presents its first record by Mr. Williams—and a lovely thing it is. One side offers Bach's elegant *Fourth Lute Suite*. The other, a selection of brilliant short works from the Spanish repertoire.

With this single album he broadens the horizon of the guitar. The prince is now a king: John Williams.

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# Audio In the '60s

By IVAN BERGER


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COMPARE a five-year-old high-fidelity catalogue with a current one, and the change will not be startling. Tone arms, amplifiers, speakers, and the rest have not changed their appearance, and a few of the top products from 1959 still linger on with slight improvements. But behind the control panels, specifications have changed, and performance per dollar has gone up.

One great change has taken place in these specifications: as the mystic numbers "20-20,000" come within grasp, the industry is beginning to look into the controversial ultrasonic regions of inaudible sounds whose presence or absence may improve or mar the quality of sound in the audible range.

Stereo tape and disc have been current for five years and more; now stereo radio has joined them, thanks to multiplex, and even the monophonic tuners proudly advertise their ready adaptability to stereo reception. Multiplexing is more than five years old; in 1959 it was in use for background music, but it remained for the FCC to sort through the various competitive multiplex schemes and to come up with a dark horse—the Zenith/GE system—before stereo radio could become an official and practical reality.

Biggest news of the past five years, however, is the transistorization of audio equipment. It is not so much that transistors offer potentially longer trouble-free life, better transient response, and lower noise levels; improved tube engineering might have brought about many of these benefits. Rather, it is the host of new products that transistors are making possible.

At this year's New York High Fidelity Music Show, there will be a plethora of high-quality portable or table-model phonographs, pocket-size tape recorders, speakers with integral, perfectly matched amplifiers, and many other products made possible (or at least practical) by transistors.

In tape, the switch to "four-track" (more properly, "quarter-track") recordings with a consequent doubling of recorded content per tape, is less important than the general improvement in technique that has brought about a gradual lowering of tape speeds. Tapes made today at 1⅞ inches per second on the better machines rival those made on some of 1959's best at 3¾ ips. The Cross-Field Head, introduced by Roberts last year, may prove the most important breakthrough in this area, though it is rivaled by the introduction of new tape formulations by Scotch and others, with better high-frequency performance and lower noise. Tape cartridges, too, hold promise for the future of pre-recorded tapes, as tape playing begins to approach the convenience of the disc.

As the general level of high fidelity equipment rises, the audiophile is losing much of his former need for lengthy componet shopping—and much of the desire, it would seem. Hence the growth not only of the all-in-one console or table consolette (with the speakers, at long last, separated from the turntable, as they should be) but of the "receiver": amplifier, preamp, and tuner integrated into one unit. Here the compactness and lower heat of transistors are becoming factors, though the movement got its impetus with tubes.

Next step? It may become apparent next week, at the New York show, or it may swell quietly next year, or after. Progress continues; there is no reason to suppose it will stop.


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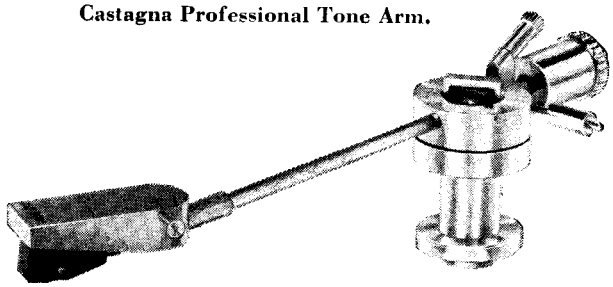
## TONE ARMS AND TURNTABLES

Castagna Professional Tone Arm.

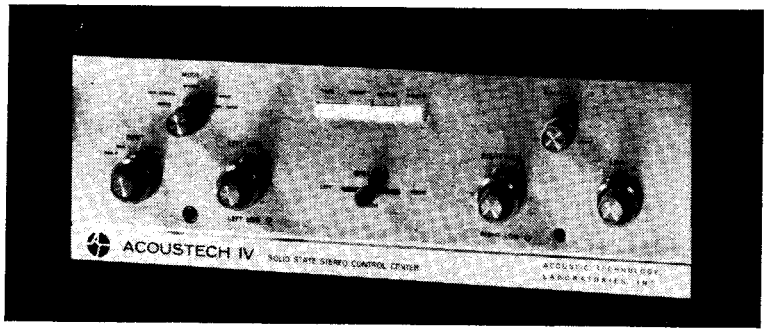


Weathers "Townsend" record player.

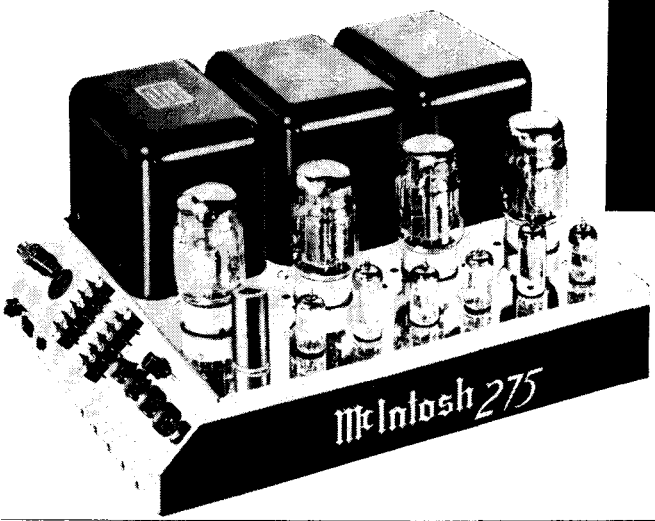
Garrard Lab 80 Automatic Transcription Turntable.

## AMPLIFIERS AND TUNERS

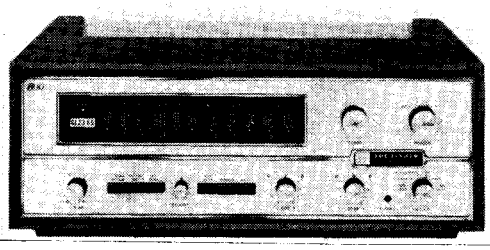
Acoustech IV Solid State Control Center Kit.




McIntosh Model 275 Stereo Amplifier.

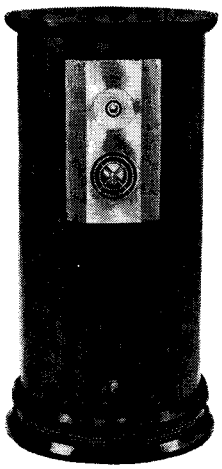



Fisher 600 100-Watt Transistorized FM-Stereo-Multiplex Receiver.

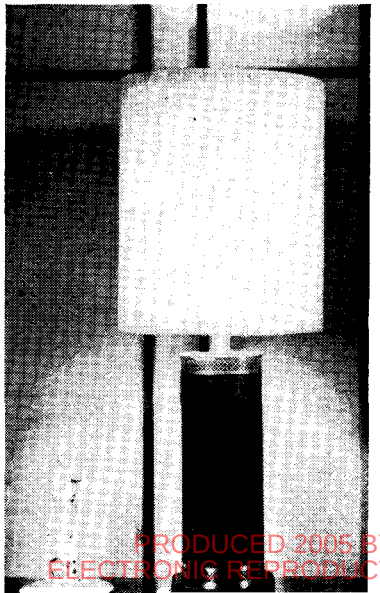


## SPEAKERS

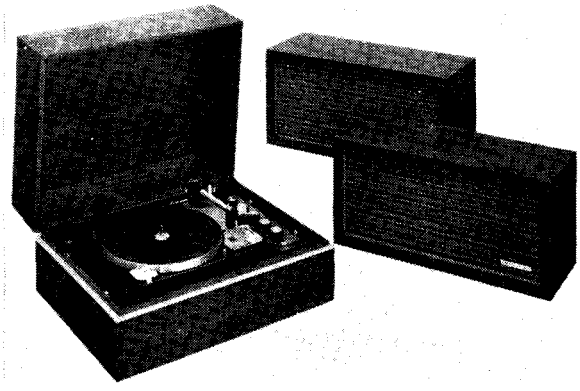
Empire "Grenadier" Speaker System Model 8000.



Acoustica "Omnisonic" Lamp-Speaker.



Shure M100W Music System.



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THE New York High Fidelity Music Show, at the New York Trade Show Building October 1-4, will display, as usual, enough new products to deafen those few hardy audiophiles whose feet can carry them through the full four floors of manufacturers' exhibits. Perhaps the only new trend visible at the show will be the new wave of compact, all-in-one home music systems. The KLH Model Eleven portable, with transistorized, frequency-contoured electronics matching the response of its specially designed speaker, and KLH's furniture-styled indoor version—the Model Fifteen—started the trend, and KLH this year will add the Model Twenty, a $399 system incorporating a stereo FM tuner with zero-center tuning meter and larger speakers.

H. H. Scott, which announced a line of full-size consoles last year, will show the Stereo Compact, with space for an optional Scott FM tuner. Shure's entry is the M100, available in luggage or furniture finishes, and incorporating the Shure V-15 cartridge with bi-radial stylus, and a Dual 1009 automatic turntable. Benjamin has integrated an amplifier into the base of its Miracord 10 changer, and the attractive combination that results is available with or without matching speakers. Lesa's entry, the SA-203B, will be the lowest-priced of the lot, at $159.95, but will feature such extras as headphone and tape recorder outputs and a tuner input.

Pilot, whose early portables were among the first with any valid aspirations to high fidelity status, will introduce a new line of all solid-state component consoles of the more familiar, floor-standing variety.

The audiophile assembling a component system will still find quite a bit to look at, including "Model V-15" cartridges—otherwise dissimilar—from both Pickering and Shure. Both are available with elliptical styli (though the Pickering line includes three V-15 models with normal styli). ADC will introduce the 660 E cartridge, an elliptical version of its Point Four E suitable for changers, and Empire's 880PE will be another rider on the elliptical bandwagon. Ortofon, who got there first, will be showing their elliptical-stylus cartridges at the Elpa Marketing booth. Rek-O-Kut—now a division of Koss—will also show a new magnetic cartridge, together with tone arms, turntables, and a display tracing the development of its turntables from the very first one, produced over twenty-seven years ago, to the present. Grado will show three new cartridges, all moving-coil. Scope will present the Castagna professional tone arm, for $125, with sapphire jewelled bearings and an arm supported by the repellent force of opposing magnets, similar to the suspension system of the Stanton turntable. Tracking angle and overhang of the Castagna are adjustable to reduce tracking error with virtually any cartridge.

The changers are changing, too. The Thorens TD-224 "Masterpiece"—basically a Thorens arm and table with an attachment that picks up and removes records one at a time—will probably remain the most spectacular, but Garrard, Dual, and Benjamin have a few tricks up their sleeves, too. The Miracord PW-40 is basically the Miracord 10 with an improved, dynamically balanced arm. United Audio has expanded its Dual line to include the new Dual 1010 and Dual 1011 automatic turntables. The Dual 1009 will bounce on, upside down and tracking at half a gram, just as it did last year.

Garrard has revamped its whole line. The Lab 80, their most expensive model, plays only microgroove records (331/3 and 45 rpm), and combines a dynamically balanced, non-resonant wood tone-arm, anti-skating bias compensator, integral cueing device, and a turntable mat that dissipates the static charge on records.

Thorens will offer a new turntable at about $40, and Weathers will display the "Townsend," latest version of its ultra-light, ultra-low design—only 5¼ inches high, including tone-arm.

In tape, Ampex presents two new series of recorders with a double capstan drive for lower flutter and wow, plus automatic threading and reversing on the 2000 series. Ampex lists two sets of specifications for its new machines: "Average Performance" and "Guaranteed Minimum Performance," both specifications quite respectable. Magnecord, another old professional pioneer, will show an extensive new line, including the versatile 1024 with dual-channel master record and playback level controls in addition to the usual individual-channel microphone, auxiliary and playback adjustments. Their 1028 and 1048 machines, both compact units accepting 10½-inch tape reels, will be among the other models displayed.

Newest addition to the Norelco line is the Carry-Corder "150," a miniature recorder using a drop-in tape cartridge similar to the larger RCA cartridge. Viking will also display cartridge models, and the Revere-Wollensak tape cartridge system now boasts a new, furniture-styled model in walnut and teak finish; both firms offer several reel-to-reel models as well.

Concord has a new "R" series of recorders, each with three motors, four heads, built-in echo and sound-on-sound, remote control, automatic playback and shut-off, and—on the R-2000—interchangeable, plug-in head assemblies. Cipher's latest is the Model VI, a recorder with built-in amplifiers and detachable speakers. Martel will show its Model 301 and 401 recorders, in addition to the well-known Uher line, which they import. Both 301 and 401 are lightweight, four-speed recorders with built-in AC converter and five-inch reel capacity; Model 301 is monophonic, Model 401 is stereo. Tandberg's new Model 74B is an improved version of its 74.

Freeman will show three new recorders: the Senior versions of their portable 660 and 550, both with improved performance, and the 800, which is a full-size machine.

Dynaco's new recorder, made by Bang & Olufsen in Denmark, offers exclusive slide-type mixing controls, plug-in conversion to multiple mike inputs, low impedance mike inputs, built-in echo facilities and splicing aid, plus storage space—in the portable version—for B&O ribbon microphones, also imported by Dyna. While the recorder is transistorized, as in the B&O portable radio, Dyna's remaining products are still tube units "because we do not feel that transistors yet justify audio applications in quality components . . . [though] desirable in portable radios and the recorder."

Roberts's line is the largest ever, though only two of the models have the Cross-Field Head. Concertone's Series 800 squeezes three motors and six heads into fairly little space, thanks to the ubiquitous transistor, and plays both records in both directions continuously, with automatic reversing. Bell's RT-367—its second machine to offer integral tape duplication—is basically the earlier RT-360, less power amps and speakers.

Pilot, Scott, and KLH, mentioned earlier among the console manufacturers, have hardly abandoned the component field. Pilot will show three new solid-state stereophonic receivers with automatic FM stereo switching and a visual FM stereo indicator. Scott will display the 344 receiver, with a four-nuvistor front-end in the tuner section and all solid-state circuitry elsewhere. KLH has updated their Model Eight radio: the new Model Eight-A is a transistorized unit with center-channel tuning meter. The Model Eighteen is an FM multiplex tuner of similar appearance, designed to be used with the Model Sixteen transistorized amplifier or any other component system.

Bogen, too, will go transistor, with a new tuner, amplifier, and receiver, all priced competitively with comparable tube units. The budget line will continue with tubes. Fisher—another console and component firm—will display transistorized tuners, amplifiers, and receivers in addition to their existing tube line. Harman-Kardon offers the first all-solid-state FM receivers( others use nuvistor or tube front ends), with response from

(*Continued on page* 68)



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## FREE long-roll bonus! A self-threading reel with purchase of 7" roll of double or triple length tape!

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# Balletic View of "Distant Planet"

By EUGENE PALATSKY

EVEN before Yuri Gagarin's orbiting of the earth in 1961, space excursions had been an obsession in Russia, as might have been expected of the nation that put Sputnik into the language. The Soviet "space age" pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair in 1958 showed a replica of the historic object itself, and it became a theme for celebration by writers, painters, and sculptors. Looking through such publications as *Soviet Highlights, Soviet Review,* and *Survey* one can find numerous examples of such articles by scientists as well as poets during 1960 and 1961.

The development achieved an emotional climax at the celebration of Cosmonautics Day in April 1963 at the Kremlin Palace of Congresses. To the audience of party leaders and others, one speaker proclaimed: "The Soviet people know well that our homeland is storming space in the name of a noble cause, in the name of peace, in the name of the happiness of man." Another said: "If we think what discoveries await us on the moon, Mars, and Venus, it makes us breathless." Major Nikolayev, whose feats aboard *Vostok-3* had received world-wide attention, referred to his "pride in our homeland, in the people who have created such mighty . . . spaceships." As the festivities ended, according to a Tass account, "The vaults of the auditorium filled with the magnificent strains of the Anthem of the Soviet Union. It sounded like a call to new victories in space, to new achievements in Communist construction."

The artists have clearly heard the call. Prominent among them is Konstantin Sergeyev, principal choreographer of the Leningrad Kirov Ballet, whose most recent creation, *A Distant Planet,* is being performed by the company on its current American tour. A major (forty-minute) composition for the company that vies with the Bolshoi of Moscow for the position of primacy among Soviet ballets, it is described as "a ballet fantasy . . . a choreographic hymn to the intellect of Man penetrating the secrets of the universe." Its direct relation to the events of the recent past can be deduced from the date of its introduction in Leningrad on April 12, 1963, the second anniversary of Gagarin's pioneering journey.

In a conversation shortly after the company's arrival in New York for its Metropolitan Opera House opening, Sergeyev described his ballet as an illustration of "man's valor and will power in flying to another planet, exploring new continents, finding new knowledge to enrich life." Its plot depicts Man discerning a tiny ray (new knowledge) in the distance. He overcomes all obstacles that the Distant Planet puts in his way —blinding fog, meteoric rain—finally achieving his objective and possessing the ray. He returns to his mother Earth and hands her the ray. "Earth celebrates the victory of courage, intellect, and determination of Man."

Sergeyev emphasized that in contrast to a traditional ballet plot—Man leaving his natural habitat to search in a fantastic realm for an ideal (symbolized by Odette in *Swan Lake,* Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty,* Giselle among the Wilis, or even the artistic secret of the Copper Mountain in Grigorovich's *Stone Flower*)—*A Distant Planet* discards naturalism altogether. "The classical choreographic style you see in both worlds ties the Distant Planet to the Earth," he said. He accepted the parallel with *Swan Lake,* but he pointed out that its Prince Siegfried seeks an ideal "because he is dissatisfied with the world around him. This is not true of Man in *A Distant Planet,* who returns happily to Earth."

If this "ballet fantasy" and its abstract symbolism seems to depart from the "socialist realism" required in Soviet art, it is necessary to understand the flexibility of this term. In January 1960, A. Sinyarsky recalled in a Soviet literary journal that a great deal of science fiction had been written in the 1920s and 1930s, but that it had stopped in the late 1940s because of a "perverted opinion" that "the Soviet writer keeping to socialist realism could not 'tolerate the remotenesses of space and supernatural inventions' and could depict only 'our immediate future.'" (He is here quoting a writer of that period.) Sinyarsky theorizes that "modern reality" has "swept away the hurdles in the way of science fiction." He continues, "Now our writers are trying to catch up with progressive reality." He then comments critically on several books of science fiction recently published—I. Yefremov's *Andromeda,* G. Martynov's *220 Days in a Space Rocket,* B. Fradkin's *Way to the Stars,* and the like. He indicates that a good deal of Buck Rogers claptrap is flooding book stalls.

Another critic, Alexander Fadeyev, wrote a few months ago, "This [space age] future is no fantasy, it is a possibility that has been scientifically substantiated—and it is already bodying forth. Soviet literature is duty bound to represent this future in living images to millions of people so as to rally their will and energy to the struggle for the triumph of socialism the world over."

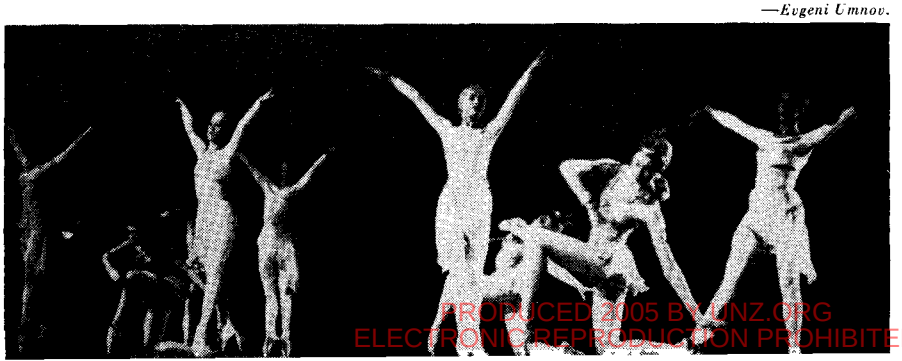
Thus it would be unrealistic to assume that the outpouring of literature on the subject—including even a ballet in the category of literature—is a spontaneous expression of enthusiasm for purely scientific achievement. Many of the panegyrics include an insistent, recurrent motif which was sounded by Gagarin's successor, G. S. Titov, in a speech to the Moscow Province Party Organization in October 1961: "The whole world now knows that the launching pad from which the Soviet spaceships took off is socialism, which has created all the conditions for space flights." And Sergeyev says that his ballet "also shows the artistry of the laborer in constructing the space ship."

Such an expression achieves its objective on a broad front. As a result of the emphasis on mathematics and the sciences in Soviet education, the intellectual of recent decades is scientifically oriented. A Soviet poet in 1960, joining in a debate among his colleagues, insisted: "The poet who fails to respond to the music and the rhythms of the flowing interest of Heraclitus and the movement of radioactive tracers in the bloodstream is not a poet of our times."

Joining in this view was Korneli Zelinsky, who stated in January 1962 that Vladimir Mayakovski, Bard of the Revolution (he later committed suicide), had established the tradition that "as poets, we must redress life." Zelinsky, a

**A scene from "Distant Planet"—"classic choreographic style . . . ties Distant Planet to the Earth."**

*—Evgeni Umnov.*



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poet, understood this tradition to mean that Soviet poets must be "propagandists" and "politicians" in the sense of inspiring the people to new modes of behavior and work. He thus downgraded the older, conservative poets and congratulated the young "generation of the cosmonauts," represented by Evtushenko, Vosnesenski, Bella Akhmadullina, Svetlana Evseyeva, and, though a bit older, Evgeni Virokurov and Boris Slutski. Such poetry may include light lyricism, such as Vinokurov's: "Martians are a staid and sociable people. And upon seeing our proud bearing and our heads in space goggles, the Martian women with infant Martians in their arms splutter with laughter into their head scarves, as old women do. . . . There, everything is as on Earth. . . . The selfsame common mysteries persist. . . ." Such imagery seems akin to Sergeyev's idea of "tieing" Earth and the Distant Planet, in this way adhering to socialist realism, without becoming too exotic or abstract.

Ballet has arrived at these purposes later than her sister arts. It has retained the classical (czarist) tradition in form and repertoire (perhaps with a slight updating, as in the tidy *Swan Lake* finale). And so, Igor Moiseyev wrote a now-famous article, *The Ballet and Reality,* for an April 1952 issue of *Literaturnaya Gazeta.* He advised, "It is time the ballet began thinking and acting in a new way. Its possibilities are incomparably richer than they are being made to appear. . . ." He chided two leading Bolshoi choreographers, Leonid Lavrovsky and Rotislav Zakharov, demanding of them "subject matter close to the life of the people."

TRUE to its reputation as "the laboratory of Soviet ballet" (primarily for its great dramatic ballets of the 1930s), the new trend manifested itself first in the Leningrad Kirov ballet. Foremost among the dancing actors of this brilliant period was Sergeyev. As artistic director in the post-war period, he devoted himself not only to new versions of *Cinderella, Raymonda, Swan Lake* and *The Sleeping Beauty,* but, more recently, to *The Path of Thunder* on a South African theme and, now, *A Distant Planet.*

Of the latter, Sergeyev said in his New York interview, that it retains the classical style, blending "sportive" and folk movements, "proving the richness of the traditional vocabulary in treating a contemporary theme." He made it clear that *A Distant Planet* does not signify a new direction in Soviet ballet, but is more of "an experiment as Balanchine's *Electronics* is an experiment." In its American showings, it is being performed as part of a program that includes excerpts from such pre-Revolutionary classics as *Bayaderka, Nutcracker, Prince Igor* and *The Corsair.*

# "Boris" from Moscow

MUSSORGSKY: *"Boris Godunov." George London, bass-baritone; soloists, chorus, and orchestra of the State Academic Bolshoi Theater, USSR, conducted by Alexander Melik-Pashaev.* Columbia M4L 296, $19.98; stereo M4S 696, $23.98.

This recording, made in Moscow from May 1 to 10, 1963, is a souvenir of the fact that on September 16, 1960, George London became the first non-Russian to sing the role of Boris Godunov at the Bolshoi. As an important document of the career and evolution of an interesting singer, it is valuable, as it is also in bringing us some additional data on how the foremost Russian opera is sung at the foremost Russian opera house (at least one other Bolshoi recording of *Boris Godunov,* vastly inferior to this one, has slipped in and out of various catalogues). As a performance and as a loyal presentation of Mussorgsky's opera, this recording is wildly variable. To answer first questions first, what was recorded here is neither a pure Mussorgsky version nor a take of a pure Rimsky-Korsakov metamorphosis.

The propaganda machine in favor of Rimsky and against Mussorgsky grinds wearily on in the elaborate booklet provided with these four records. It provides a synopsis of the opera, a history of the opera, a discussion of Pushkin, Mussorgsky, and the historic Boris, a note on Mussorgsky's achievement, a personal chronicle by George London, an article about George London, notes on four of the Russian soloists, and an English translation of the text sung, with a transliteration of the corresponding Russian. Amid that plethora of information and justification, it does not hesitate to tell us again—and falsely—what a bungler Mussorgsky was or to praise Rimsky-Korsakov for having demonstrated his belief in that same tinny platitude. The version performed is largely Rimsky. But the scene in the square outside St. Basil's Cathedral is played in the orchestration by Ippolitov-Ivanov (why?), and damaging cuts have been made (tradition?). The accompanying booklet points out the notable cuts in the role of Pimen in the first scene of Act I and in the role of the false Dimitri in the garden of Mnishek Castle (his entire soliloquy, that crisis in the opera's action in which he curses the Jesuit Rangoni and resolves to win the throne). Other cuts are not mentioned—though, for example, Rangoni fails to make his crucial appearance in the same scene in Marina's garden.

What we are offered then, is a showcase for the talents of soloists, chorus, and orchestra. To assess them in reverse order, Melik-Pashaev produces a sturdy, undistinguished reading of the bastardized score, by no Western measure equaling the services to it carried out by Dobrowen in the Capitol recording and by Cluytens in that issued by Angel. The chorus is superb, as Russian choruses have a way of being; enough of Mussorgsky's fibrous strength penetrates Rimsky-Korsakov and Ippolitov-Ivanov so that the massed voices project a really remarkable degree of characterization. The solo singers aside from George London vary from the almost excellent to the ruinously bad. Georgi Shulpin, the Shuiski, has a handsome voice that frays off into terribly strained top tones. Poor Feodor is sung by Maria Mitukova, who makes him sound like a mature woman rather than a young boy. The reedy Xenia of Elisaveta Shumskaya often becomes a mere squeak. The Rangoni (Eugene Kibkalo), almost alone among the secondary singers, portrays the character's thoughts and emotions by his handling of a responsive voice. The Pimen (Mark Reshetin) and Varlaam (Alexei Gueleva) will serve, but do nothing to elevate the generally depressed quality of the singing. What most surprisingly is lacking in nearly all of them is the incisive, purely vocal character creation absolutely essential to an opera not being seen as it is being heard.

PERHAPS the time has come to stop contrasting every Boris Godunov with blurred memories of Chaliapin's overwhelming tsar. But two different recordings with Boris Christoff remain in the catalogues, and comparison with them is therefore required. With Christoff, one seems to hear the tsar singing, exulting, suffering, and dying; with George London, one hears an admirable, obviously very intelligent singer doing what he can by voice alone to project a characterization that always has depended importantly on his visual presence and plastic acting. The better of the two Christoff recordings (Angel) suffered from the star's insistence upon singing all the plums for deep voice in

*(Continued on page 70)*



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# Recordings in Review

## At Home with Strauss

STRAUSS: *"Symphonia Domestica." George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra.* Columbia ML 6027, $4.98; stereo MS 6627, $5.98.

The *Symphonia Domestica*, as George Szell and his fine orchestra demonstrate so well here, is not merely one piece, but two. The first, and by far the best part of it, is to be found in the musings and characterizations that go into the mood-setting early movements, in which Strauss applies his imagination and skill to affectionate portraits of his wife and child (as well, of course, as of himself). The second and lesser portion culminates in the over-elaborate, needlessly complicated double-fugue, which is all skill and very little imagination.

At this distance, the *Domestica* has interests that were denied to those who knew it when it was new. It stands on a dividing line between the long series of tone poems with which Strauss made his reputation and the equally long series of operas with which—in the view of many today—he did the most to sustain it. Indeed, it was not long after the premiere of the *Symphonia Domestica* in New York in March 1904 that Strauss was into *Salome* and the beginning of another phase altogether in his remarkable career.

Thus there is some reason to believe that Strauss was straining for a subject on which to exert his amazing technical command at the time he decided that creativity, like charity, properly begins at home. It was all well while the impulse dominated and directed the technical command; but when the latter took over, the results were foredoomed to failure. He did much better, in the period that followed immediately, when the dramatic subjects of *Salome* and *Elektra* and above all, the human involvements of *Der Rosenkavalier* absorbed everything he could muster in technical resource.

Thanks to the means at his disposal as well as to his own mastery of its material, Szell succeeds better than any prior conductor for the phonograph in realizing the best of the *Domestica* (that includes the composer himself, whose expansive treatment of the work in a concert performance of 1944 circulated at one time as Vox PL 7220). A splendid conductor of *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Salome* as well as the earlier tone poems, Szell's performing personality is a perfect match for Strauss's creative one. Where the former is reserved and, to some extent, non-committal, the latter's supercharged statements flow over and into the sharply defined channels provided for them by Szell. At the same time, nothing is left to chance in the brilliantly clarified, beautifully defined orchestral performance. There can be equally high praise for the recording produced under the supervision of Paul Myers. It is, on the whole, the best *Domestica*—of which there have only been a scattering before—yet for the phonograph.

## Janácek's "Tagebuch"

JANACEK: *"Tagebuch eines Verschollenen." Ernst Häfliger, tenor; Kay Griffel, mezzo, and women's chorus, with Rafael Kubelik, piano.* Deutsche Grammophon 18904, $5.98; stereo 138904, $5.98.

This the third recording in recent years of Leoš Janácek's *Diary of One Who Vanished*, and unquestionably the best. This includes Häfliger's own previous one (with Cora Canne-Meyer, mezzo, and Felix de Nobel at the piano on Epic LC 3121) as well as the version on Artia in which Beno Blachut is the tenor. Some may continue to prefer the latter because it is sung in the language (Wallachian-Czech) of Janácek's setting, but Häfliger's is, in every other respect, superior.

It is, indeed, a remarkable penetration he has achieved into this mixture of folk and art elements that Janácek wove into his song cycle. Whether the text was, in truth, the diary of a peasant youth who succumbed to the gypsy charms of the dark-haired Zefka, or as seems more likely, a clever literary forgery by the editors of the publication (*Lidové noviny*) in which it appeared in 1916, is of little consequence now. It is sufficient that Janácek accepted it for what it purported to be, and summoned all his musical resources to do it justice.

These, it is becoming more and more evident as recordings and performances accumulate, were considerably more consequential than the world outside his homeland reckoned them to be during Janácek's lifetime. They were of an order that enabled him to convey a folk-like sentiment through a considerable sophistication of means. For example, the embellishment of the vocal line by the background piano shows a considerable awareness of the ever-growing independence of this element—even to a piano interlude between songs twelve and fourteen—but it is always a consistent part of the total conception, which is dominated by the highly individual conformation of Janácek's vocal line.

Kubelik's accomplished piano playing is a strong contribution to the musical quality in this performance. However, the essential and major part of it emerges from Häfliger's total identification with the plight of Janácek's "hero," who is as much a prisoner of a helpless love as the Prince in Dvorák's *Russalka*. The dialogues with the gypsy impersonated by Miss Griffel are sadly marred by the latter's quavery production, but this is a minor blemish on an otherwise imposing accomplishment.

—*Eugene Cook.*

**Zoltan Rozsnyai—"equally successful in Imbrie and Effinger."**

## Courtesy of Naumburg

IMBRIE: *Concerto for Violin. Carroll Glenn, violin, with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Zoltan Rozsnyai.* EFFINGER: *"Little Symphony" No. 1. Rozsnyai conducting.* Columbia ML 5997, $4.98; stereo MS 6597, $5.98.

Andrew Imbrie and Cecil Effinger were born almost a continent apart (the former in New York City, the latter in Colorado Springs), but they have a number of characteristics in common. Both have studied with Nadia Boulanger at Fontainebleau; both have been identified with institutions of general learning, rather than conservatories; and both are now members of college faculties (Imbrie at Berkeley, Effinger at Boulder University of Colorado). At forty-three, Imbrie is seven years younger than Effinger. So far as I know, neither has had a work performed by an orchestra of the Eastern seaboard, though Imbrie's Quartet in B flat has been recorded and won a New York Music Critics Circle Award in 1942.

Why this should be so, is hard to say, for each of the works offered on this disk has something more than crafts-



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manship: a character of its own, revealing a lively, creative mind and a sense of positive musical purpose. Neither has evaded the challenge of intelligibility, nor taken refuge in fashionable forms of obscurantism. Virtues and faults are plain for all to hear.

Imbrie's concerto, which is the more ambitious of the two, addresses itself directly to the problem of assuring prominence for the soloist without overstressing virtuosity: and sustaining it with orchestral writing which does not submerge it. This he does very well in his first two movements: the finale does not quite fulfill its summarizing function, a fatal weakness for any multi-movement work. Effinger's lyric, well-tempered score matches a lack of pretension with a strain of lyricism which should be better known than it is. Each work carries within it justification for selection in the Naumburg Award series. The sponsors may take satisfaction, too, in the high quality of the performances themselves; clearly Miss Glenn believes in the merit of Imbrie's concerto, for she could not have applied herself more wholeheartedly to an established masterwork. Rozsnyai is equally successful in defining the orchestral values of the two scores, which have been reproduced with the best of Columbia's technical resources.

# An Hour of Henze

HENZE: *"Elegie für junge Liebende"* (excerpts). *Catherine Gayer, Liane Dubin, sopranos; Martha Mödl, mezzo; Loren Driscoll, tenor; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Thomas Hemsley, Hubert Hilten, bass; with the composer conducting.* Deutsche Grammophon 18876, $5.98: stereo SLPM 138876, $5.98.

So far as the American record-buyer is concerned, Hans Werner Henze is the composer of one side of a Louisville-Commission record devoted to the Wedding Music from his ballet *Ondine* (or was, if it has been deleted). Thus, if the present disk from Deutsche Grammophon is short of the full-scale representation one would crave of a composer whose operas (performed in many European centers) number several, whose symphonies are near a half dozen and whose miscellaneous works have been heard by many unaware of his name, it is a notable addition to a still sparse catalogue.

To judge from the cross-section of the score provided by ten or so excerpts (each of the acts is represented), Henze is a lyricist of high gifts and considerable originality. Whether he is also a dramatist of comparable power, I remain to be convinced. In the present instance, he is thoroughly persuasive in evoking an atmosphere of an isolated chalet in Switzerland where a wife (shades of *Vanessa*!) waits for a husband who disappeared in a snowstorm forty years before. Her mystic attachment to his memory and the visions thus evoked are sketched with a sure hand, as is the infatuation of her daughter with a young visitor.

I am less persuaded by his evocation of an elderly poet who acts as a commentator on the happenings of the drama, and least by the effort at dramatic climax when the daughter and her lover disappear during a snow storm and die. This is conveyed by a *Wozzeck*-like interlude for orchestra, but it deals rather over-much (for conviction) in orchestral clichés.

In this it is decidedly at variance with the main body of the score, as it is represented on this recording. It is precisely Henze's avoidance of cliché, his ability to set the text of W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman with a musical line appropriate to each of the main characters without loosing a common contact among them that attracts the ear and retains the attention. He also sustains an acoustically proper and emotionally meaningful balance between the vocal line and its orchestral counterpart. Doubtless Henze has some position *vis à vis* serial procedures, but there is no evidence of a doctrinaire devotion to anything but the creation of meaningful music, which he prevailingly has achieved. All of it, certainly, whets an interest to see the work at full length on the stage, an opportunity thus far not offered to opera-goers of this country.

Reference has been made to *Vanessa*, as a parallel for some of the atmospheric content of *Elegy for Young Lovers*. It also invites reminiscence of Menotti's *The Medium* (more in the story than in the musical detail) as it does, also, of Benjamin Britten's treatment of *The Turning of the Screw* (more in the instrumental atmosphere of the supernatural than in the vocal writing). This is to affiliate it with a prevailing approach to the lyric stage, an attraction to "ordinary" people as subjects for dramatic exposition rather than to the mythological, epic, or "noble" protagonists.

The performance under the discriminating direction of the composer is especially fortunate in the choice of Catherine Gayer, a singer of force and persuasion, to impersonate the widow, Hilda Mack, and in Liane Dubin to perform the part of her daughter. Both have a difficult, high lying vocal register with which to contend and Miss Gayer does especially well with it. Quite the most powerful and penetrating characterization is that of Fischer-Dieskau as the poet Mittenhofer, *deus ex machina* of the play's tragic outcome. He is unctuous, vengeful, or conniving as circumstances require, and also a vocal paragon. Mödl's part, as the poet's secretary, is limited to a scattering of lines in these excerpts. The reproduction is among DGG's best, which means that it can sustain comparison with anybody's. Not so the brochure, however, which offers the text of the excerpts—in three languages—but nothing more.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—*Betz.*

**Fischer-Dieskau in *Elegie* (with Eva Maria Rogner in the Munich premiere)—"unctuous, vengeful . . . and a vocal paragon."**



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# RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Bartók: Concerto for Orchestra. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 6026, $4.98; stereo MS 6626 $5.98. | As a fulfillment of the jacket description of this work as "A brilliant showpiece for virtuoso orchestra," this performance is an undoubted success. However there are sub-surface values which are all but submerged in the glossy sheen of tone in which the score is enveloped. This may serve as an enticement for those who have tired of Enesco's *Roumanian Rhapsody No. 2*, but it is a slick, over-emphasized Bartók to which they will be exposed. Nothing in these comments should be construed as decrying the skill with which Ormandy does his work, the unanimity with which the players respond, or the high proficiency of the reproduction itself. However the colors are overbright, the strands of sound swollen for the kind of texture that strikes me as preferable in this music. |
| Bloch. Concerto. Yehudi Menuhin, violin; with the Bath Festival Orchestra conducted by Paul Kletzki. Angel 36192, $4.98; stereo S 36192, $5.98. | Menuhin's sponsorship of this work does him credit, as the performance itself enhances the appeal of a work which is not nearly as well known as it should be. In addition to realizing the musical values previously expounded by Joseph Szigeti in his pioneering version and by Roman Totenberg in his more recent one, Menuhin adds more than a little in compulsion-to-attention through the force and magnetism of his own strong personality. Kletzki has a substantial command of the orchestral problem, and the players of the Bath Festival Orchestra (as it is described on the face of the album) perform, not unexpectedly, up to the standard of the Philharmonia Orchestra (as it is described on the reverse side). Broad, well-defined sound. |
| Beethoven: Concerto in E flat (Op. 73). Artur Rubinstein, piano; with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. RCA Victor LM 2733, $4.98; stereo LSC 2733, $5.98. | This is Rubinstein's second *Emperor* in stereo and altogether a more successful venture than the preceding, which followed not long after his marathon series of concerti in Carnegie Hall. The qualities which distinguish it from its predecessor are not merely such physical factors as a better orchestra (the Symphony of the Air, so-called, participated in the other) and more advantageous acoustic surroundings—the combination producing a much better total of sound—but, even more, a conductor better atuned to a total concept of the values in this work. As in those instances of the past involving multiple versions of this work by such pianists as Schnabel or Serkin, preference is likely to go to one in which the soloist had the support and sustenance of a conductor as qualified in Beethoven as himself. Leinsdorf matches this qualification with a breadth and emphasis that keep the equation not merely in balance, but equally distributed in weight and musical purpose. Rubinstein's own performance may be a shade more energetic and well-considered than it was on RCA LM 2124—now discontinued—but the consequential fact is that Rubinstein and Leinsdorf have put together the two sides of Beethoven's profile into a matching totality. |
| Chausson: *Poème*. Saint-Saëns: Concerto No. 3 in B minor. Nathan Milstein, violin; with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Anatole Fistoulari. Angel 36005, $4.98; stereo S 36005, $5.98.<br>Chausson: *Poème*. Saint-Saëns: *Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso*. Ravel: Tzigane. Zino Francescatti, violin; with the New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Columbia ML 6017, $4.98; stereo MS 6617, $5.98. | Where two performers enjoy the practical parity of Milstein and Francescatti, it is all but impossible to elect a preference between them in a work both play so well as the Chausson (especially as both are very much the same kind of performers: strong, assertive, anything but languishing). In any case, a choice will probably relate to the remaining repertory of each disk, of which the Francescatti is a shade more interesting than the Milstein. He also has the advantage of a conductor who makes a positive contribution to the result with his direction of the orchestra. Fistoulari is, at best, innocuous, and at worst, heavy handed. The plusses of the Francescatti-Bernstein collaboration also include reproduction, which is several shades more revealing than the Angel. |
| Grofé: *Grand Canyon Suite*. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML 6018, $4.98; stereo MS 6618, $5.98. | As a summation of the virtues and values in this agreeable score, the LP catalogue already offers versions by Toscanini, Abravanel, and Ormandy (to mention only those whose primary concern is with more arduous matters). Bernstein's may be described as an omnibus version, in which are incorporated the virtues of most and only vices of one (himself). The last consists of attempting to inflate Grofé's self-rising balloon into a kind of space craft, but, aside from this, he is kind to its humor, alert to its colors and altogether receptive to the reduction of the Grand Canyon's scope to a score for a cinemascope short. Presumably the violinist who plays the solo passage in "On the Trail" is John Corigliano: the label as well as the jacket are lacking in any identification. |
| Mahler: Symphony No. 5. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Berg: Three excerpts from *Wozzeck*. Phyllis Curtin, soprano; with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. RCA Victor LM 7031, $9.98; stereo LSC 7031, $11.98. | From the very first, Leinsdorf is in taut, assured control of the orchestral problems in this score, and he holds his players to a very high standard of execution. This is no inconsequential matter in the case of an orchestra whose history of association with this work is as limited as the BSO's. Insofar as the expressive detail of the work is concerned, Leinsdorf comes off less well. The Adagietto is beautifully phrased, for Leinsdorf evaluates it as the quietly simple thing it is and does not strive for rhetorical effect. However the finale declines steadily in interest: in the first place, for Mahler's own insufficiency in his effort to build a climax which does not accumulate, and in the second, for lack on Leinsdorf's part of a means for tightening its loose ends. The orchestral performance in the *Wozzeck* excerpts is of equally fine quality, but Miss Curtin lacks the vocal breadth to give Berg's writing proper amplitude, or the emotional resource to make his poetic purpose effective. Intelligent and musicianly as it is, the character of Marie is prettified and overrefined in this vocal treatment. The Dynagroove reproduction is among the best to date. |
| Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante in E flat *(K. 364)*. Rafael Druian, violin; Abraham Skernick, viola; and the Cleveland Orchestra conducted by George Szell. *Exultate, Jubilate (K. 165)*. Judith Raskin, soprano; with the Cleveland Orchestra conducted by George Szell. Columbia ML 6025, $4.98; stereo MS 6625, $5.98. | Druian and Skernick are the nominal soloists, but each member of the Cleveland Orchestra personnel performs to the exacting, Szell-set standard of what must be the best Mozart-orchestra in America. At the same time, one is moved to inquire: Why the brisk tempi of movements which are titled Allegro maestoso, Andante, and Presto? Is it because the running time of 30:57 is a tight fit for one side of a record? (By contrast the Motet requires only 15:35, and occupies the whole second side.) The result is a beautiful performance which tends to sound a little hurried and superficial. Miss Raskin sings the well-known "Alleluja" of the vocal work with spirit and assurance, but the opening Allegro finds her a little hard pressed to match the requirements of range, especially at the G (bottom). And, for some reason, the purity of sound for which she is admired is more than a little gritty and opaque this time. Her best effort, altogether, is in the middle "Tu Virginum." |
| Schubert: Symphonies No. 4 and 5. Karl Münchinger conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CM 9378, $4.98; stereo CS 6378, $5.98. | Given a repertory in which he is adept, Karl Münchinger can be one of the most satisfying of conductors. That is the case with these two works of Schubert, which might almost have been performed by his own Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra—of which, it may be mentioned, very little has been heard for quite some time. However, it is scarcely a liability for him to be associated with the Vienna personnel, whose normal inclinations are so sympathetic to the needs of this music. With Münchinger to apply a controlling hand where it is desirable—as in the chromatic interplay of the slow movement of No. 4—the results verge on perfection. The treatment of No. 5 is appropriately modulated to the altered character of its content. —Irving Kolodin. |


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# "DIE FRAU" FROM MUNICH

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

MUNICH has long enjoyed the reputation of being to Richard Strauss what Bayreuth is to Wagner. There are more Strauss operas in the Munich repertory than in that of any other theater, and each is supposedly mounted with the utmost fidelity to the composer's wishes. When the Nationaltheater of the Bavarian capital was finally reopened last November, it surprised no one that the vehicle chosen was a Strauss opera and a relatively neglected one at that, the complex and grandiose *Frau ohne Schatten*.

What must have surprised the Strauss specialists in the invited audience, however, and what will continue to surprise those who hear Deutsche Grammophon's recorded souvenir of the occasion, is the fact that Munich is not above tampering with "der Meister" after all. Unlike the nearly-complete *Frau* issued by London in the mid-Fifties (A4505, mono only), the new DGG version (18911/14, $23.98; stereo 138911/14, $23.98) employs well over twenty cuts, some of them quite damaging both to continuity and comprehension. Furthermore, there are several "revisions" in which such elements as the crucial off-stage choruses are omitted, even though the orchestra plays on innocently without them. It may be contended that parts of the *Frau* mark Strauss's "pompous and padded period." Nevertheless, Munich's reductions do nothing to tighten the work or increase its impact. Instead, they damage Hofmannsthal's architectural plan and fragment both the musical and the dramatic flow.

Some cuts also relieve the singers of exceptionally striking (and strenuous) opportunities for vocal display. This proves both regrettable and unnecessary, for, with one exception, Munich's cast is a strong one.

The exception, to get the unpleasant news over with first, is Martha Mödl as the evil Nurse, a character whose ancestors include both Ortrud and Klytemnestra. There was a time when Mödl easily could have managed the high as well as the low extremes of this problematic mezzo-soprano role. Even now, her penetration of the text and her warm, dark timbre remain impressive, as does her innate artistry. But no voice can sustain the kind of (mis)treatment Mödl has lavished on hers since she transformed herself from mezzo to Wagnerian soprano and back again. As the Amme, her insecurity in matters of pitch and tonal support almost makes the cuts seem merciful.

The four remaining principals in *Die Frau ohne Schatten* are allotted some of the most demanding vocal writing Strauss ever produced (and, in this respect at least, Strauss was always generous). Cast in a heavier assignment than is usually associated with her, Ingrid Bjoner gives a ravishing performance as the Empress. She sings the shadowless woman of the title with neater phraseology and greater accuracy than had Leonie Rysanek, her London counterpart, and is equally compelling dramatically. Strauss was no kinder to his tenor in *Die Frau* than he had been (or was to be) in his other operas, for the quality of the Emperor's scenes never quite matches their difficulty. Jess Thomas copes with the high tessitura and heroic outbursts with characteristic musicality, and also, understandably, with a bit of strain.

PORTRAYING Barak and his wife (the earthly counterparts of the Emperor and Empress), Munich's Inge Borkh and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau face the inevitable comparison with Vienna's Christel Goltz and Paul Schöffler of the London set. Again the DGG soprano has the edge, for Borkh duplicates the passion and pathos of her colleague and, at the same time, succeeds in projecting the text more clearly. Borkh has another advantage in her conductor, for Joseph Keilberth provides less hurried and more sympathetic support than does Karl Böhm.

Although Fischer-Dieskau sings Barak's notes with greater ease and freedom than Schöffler ever could, a choice between the two baritones is really a matter of taste. Fischer-Dieskau brings to the role the singular finesse and sensitivity one expects from him, and he shapes the lyrical passages ("Mir anvertraut," for example) like a poet. But he lacks Schöffler's warmth and simplicity in Barak's entrance scene, not to mention the sheer impact of Schöffler's darker, more ponderous tones in declamatory passages. And, in the final analysis, one cannot but wonder whether Fischer-Dieskau's polished, even elegant, delivery is an advantage when it comes to projecting Barak's simple-minded good nature. Fischer-Dieskau certainly offers the consistently better vocalism but, I think, Schöffler offers the better Barak.

Keilberth, Munich's current *Generalmusikdirektor*, seems to approach Strauss much as Knappertsbusch and Furtwängler approached Wagner: maintaining simultaneous regard for minute details and grandiose architectural strokes, he proceeds without haste. His *Frau* is less exciting than Böhm's, but it is easier on the singers, and it makes its own kind of sense. The Munich orchestra plays for him like an ensemble of inspired virtuosi, a phenomenon reserved by the changeable Bavarians for special occasions.

The stereo sound is remarkably clear considering that an actual performance was involved. There are occasional fuzzy tones, coughs, and musical imperfections to be heard, but the immediacy and excitement of live opera easily justify such flaws.

DGG's literary contributions to the set are a bit puzzling. They include not one but two different synopses, some essays notable primarily for their awkward English translations, and a reprint of the same Boosey-and-Hawkes libretto previously used by London. The latter is particularly confusing, for it retains the words of sections actually missing in the performance, and refers to "sides 9 and 10" even though the DGG version is confined to four LPs.

**Jess Thomas and Ingrid Bjoner rehearsing with Joseph Keilberth (at the piano) and a member of Munich's musical staff—"minute details and . . . architectural strokes."**



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# RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Chopin: Waltzes (14). Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor LM 2726, $4.98; stereo LSC 2726, $5.98. | These are not merely a second recording of the complete set of waltzes by Rubinstein (the first dates from the mid-Fifties): they are the record of a single evening's effort in Rome during the summer of 1963, sans splices, or second thoughts (and, probably, a minimum of retakes). They constitute, thus, a remarkable testimonial not only to the inexhaustible appeal of the music for the devoted pianist, but also to the inexhaustible pianist's devotion to their appeal. To my taste, they are even more captivating than the prior set, if only because Rubinstein has lived with them a decade longer and found proportionately more to say about them. This applies not merely to their immediate attractions of sentiment and rhythmic propulsion, but even more to the refinements of inner voicings and counter melodies with which Chopin rejoiced his own ear, and those of generations to come. Each becomes a mirror of a society, as well as of a social custom, perfectly framed by introduction, waltz, trio, reprise, coda, conclusion. And, as well as reflecting Chopin, they give back an image of the performer himself. Sometimes it is hard to distinguish one from the other. Highly satisfactory sound, sometimes noisy surfaces. |
| Foss: *Echoi*. Charles Wuorinen, piano; Raymond Desroches, percussion; Arthur Bloom, clarinet; and Robert Martin, cello. *Time Cycle*. Grace-Lynne Martin, soprano; Richard Duffalo, clarinet; Charles de Lacey, percussion; Howard Colt, piano; and the composer, piano. Epic LC 3886. $4.98; stereo BC 1286, $5.98. | Between the experimental Foss who is credited with the non-sequential tonal patterns of *Echoi* —which pays tribute to the current aleatoric vogue—and the creative Foss of the highly sequential *Time Cycle*, I have no difficulty in preferring the latter. This is the second recording of *Time Cycle*, this time in a "chamber version" in which the orchestral elements have been rewritten for the quartet. Its ideas remain as arresting as they were in the prior form, but there was both more variety and a more vivid play of color in the version with orchestra. In addition, soprano Adele Addison—for whom it was written—is a more resourceful vocalist and a more imaginative artist than Miss Martin. |
| Mozart: Divertimento in E flat (K.563). Jean Pougnet, violin, Frederick Riddle, viola; and Anthony Pini, cello. Westminster W 9068, $4.98, mono only. | This is the most satisfactory version of this great work (other than the discontinued one of the Pasquier Brothers) to have appeared in the LP era, and a pleasure to recommend in its reappearance as a part of Westminster's Collectors Series. The individual players are as adept as memory declared them to be, and a no less cohesive ensemble. It is also a tribute to the inherent quality of the recorded sound that it matches, in detail as well as tonality, very closely to the best being done today, though it originally appeared in 1953. No stereo of course, but it is hard to imagine how three players could be divided evenly among two speakers in any case. |
| Mozart: "Or sai chi l'onore", "Non mi dir", and "Mi tradi" *(Don Giovanni)*; "Porgi amor" *(Nozze di Figaro)*. Beethoven: *Ah, perfido*. Weber: "Ocean thou Mighty Monster" *(Oberon)*. Maria Callas, soprano; with Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire (Paris), with Nicola Rescigno conducting. Angel M 36200, $4.98; stereo S 36200, $5.98. | To judge from the sound she produces here, the time is now past for Miss Callas to consider the challenges of Beethoven, Mozart and Weber which she avoided, or at least did not accept, when the voice was more tractable than it is in this demonstration. For one thing, the production is so covered, so far back in the throat, that barely a word can be heard of any text she sings—an anomaly for a singer customarily as considerate of verbal values as Callas has been. And while the emotion is always relevant, the temperature of anger, defiance, denunciation, or even impatience, acutely adjusted to the heat in the music, it is all too audible that she is almost always performing at maximum, with not much reserve, and also not much differentiation of dynamics within a phrase. For another debit, the performances were recorded in a sizeable studio or hall in which the vocal sound tends to spread out and further lose definition. And for a final fact, the participation of Rescigno is too much that of an accompanist rather than a collaborator, which is the least of the requirements for a conductor of such music as this disk contains. In all, the very good musical sense that has prevailed in most of the long list of Callas recordings is either absent or in abeyance in this undertaking. |
| Schubert: *An mein Clavier, Das Rosenband, Blumenlied, Der Jüngling und der Tod, Frühlingslied, An den Mond, Die Einsiedelei, Der Jüngling an der Quelle, Nachtviolen, Seligkeit, Der Blumenbrief, Am See, Abendstern, Der Winterabend, Im Abendroth, Der Liebliche Stern, im Frühling*, and *Schweizerlied*. Hughes Cuénod, tenor; with David Garvey, piano. Cambridge CRM. 703, $4.98; stereo CRS 1703, $5.98. | Cuénod's attributes as a vocal technician and artist are too well known to require lengthy exposition now, but so are his limitations of range, tone color and dynamics. These dozen and a half songs have been shrewdly chosen to provide the maximum of expressivity with the minimum of vocal strain, and include several—such as the engaging *Schweizerlied*—that have been so rarely recorded as to be all but unknown. Cuénod's management of its dialect is among the principal delights of the collection, second only to his impeccable singing of *Der Jüngling an der Quelle*. There are others almost as good, which means that the recordings earn a place in any representative collection of Schubert. Elsewhere, as in the lengthy *Der Winterabend*, Cuénod's delivery tends to monotony for lack of sufficient dynamic contrast. This is not atoned for by David Garvey's neat and fastidious but too often understated piano playing. Thus there tends to be a debilitating lack of vitality for two of three songs in succession. Very satisfactory recording. |
| Silcher: *Die Lorelei;* also *Ach, wie ist's möglich dann, Im Wald und auf der Heide, In einem kühlen Grunde, Morgen muss ich fort, Kommt a Vogerl geflogen, Der Mai ist gekommen, Alle Tage ist kein Sonntag, Ja, grün ist die Heide, Verloren, Herzblatt am Lindenbaum, Rose im Schnee, Schäferlied, Husarenlied, Auf Feldwache*, and others. Richard Tauber, tenor; Mischa Spoliansky and Percy Kahn, pianists; and the orchestra conducted by Frieder Weissmann. Capitol T 10369, $.98, mono only. | This is, in part, a reissue of the famous collection which has circulated in several guises since the 1930s, most recently on the Decca label under the title *Das Deutsche Volkslied*. The duplications are the first seven items listed after *Die Lorelei* (in the prior issue this was replaced by a non-Schubertian *Heidenröslein*). All the others are new to me in these performances, which share the attributes of Tauber's art at its most characteristic. That is to say, they are sung with the insuperable ease and heartfelt sentiment which were his professional hallmarks. It is easy enough to accept such a song as *Der Tauber* or *Kommt a Vogerl geflogen* as inherently irrestible, and overlook the finesse, simplicity and charm with which Tauber adds to their appeal. The accompaniments tend to raise the sugar content of the menu alarmingly, but this can be offset by rationing consumption to one side at a sitting. |
| Vivaldi: Concertos in G and C. Haydn: Concerto No. 2 in G. Marcello: Concerto in D minor. Ida Presti and Alexandre Lagoya, guitars; with the Pro Arte Orchestra of Munich conducted by Kurt Redel. Mercury 50380, $4.98; stereo SR 90380, $5.98. | As most music lovers are aware there are works by a Vivaldi, and also by A. Vivaldi. These, and especially the concerto in G belong in the capitalized upper case category, embodying as they do a magisterial architectural sense with a brilliant play of zestful ideas. (Originally for mandolin, they survive rearrangements admirably.) For those who may be unacquainted with the potential of two guitars, the sound may be described as a more agreeable kind of harpsichord. This will, doubtless, enrage the Baroque devotees to whom the harpsichord is the fount of all instrumental virtue. But the guitars played by Presti and Lagoya come close to matching the range of the keyed instrument, while offering a more subtly musical sound from the strings plucked by human fingers than can be attained through the intercession of quills, etc. There is solid, if lesser, interest in the works of Haydn (originally for lyre) and Alessandro Marcello. The latter contains in a sparser form, the original of an Adagio transcribed by Bach, which has been attributed both to Vivaldi and Benedetto Marcello, but seems indisputably the creation of the latter's older brother. The whole venture profits immensely from the vigorous conducting of Redel, and the glistening sound (place of origin unidentified). —I.K. |


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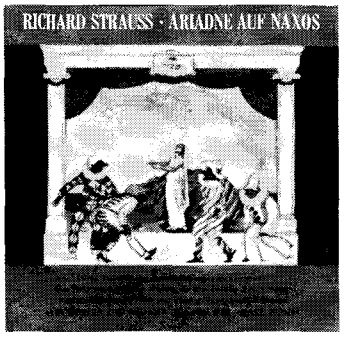


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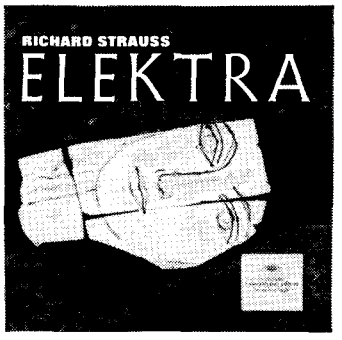


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# Audio Show

*Continued from page 57*

5 to 60,000 cycles. James B. Lansing's second electronic component, the Model SG520 Graphic Controller, is a well-styled preamplifier, using slider controls instead of the usual rotary devices for ease in matching control positions—or reading positions from across the room.

Marantz—now a division of Superscope—is content with tubes for its $650 Model 10B, a revised version of the tuner first shown as a prototype in 1962. The most unorthodox feature remains the oscilloscope tuning indicator which displays center tuning, signal strength, instantaneous deviation, multipath and stereo separation.

Kenwood, Bell, and Eico will display transistorized receivers and other equipment as will Leak—the first British solid-state gear to reach our shores.

McIntosh is dipping its toes into solid-state technology with a transistorized preamplifier and an integrated amplifier with transistorized preamp but tube power stages. The rest of the "Mac" line remains tube-powered. Grommes offers a solid-state AM-FM stereo tuner and stereo amp, and Acoustech—transistors all the way—will offer seven new models, including power amplifier and control center kits, an integrated amplifier, a stereo tuner, and a full-range electrostatic speaker with individual, integrated solid-state amplifiers for tweeter and woofer.

Electrostatics—long a fixture with KLH and JansZen—is coming into a renaissance. In addition to the Acoustech unit above, the show will include a full-range electro static from Stanton (a revival of the fondly remembered Pickering speaker?) and a rather unusual unit from Acoustica Associates.

Though Acoustica is billed as a loudspeaker manufacturer, don't look for loudspeakers in its booth. Its new Omni-Sonic Lamp-Speakers are disguised as lamps, with woofers in the base and electro-static tweeters in the transparent lamp-shade. Sound is radiated in a 360-degree pattern; the lamp lights, too. Also unveiled will be a new FM-AM stereo receiver, solid-state. ADC will show their Model 303A Brentwood, a bookshelf system using a specially treated woofer cone to restrict high-frequency vibration to the tweeter. The EMI 812 is a compact two-way system with a 6½-inch uniroll woofer and a 3½-inch tweeter.

The most unusual speaker that looks at all like one is the Empire Grenadier, a cylindrical column designed for even dispersion of sound no matter where it is placed within the room. The Model 8200 is a bookshelf speaker of more conventional appearance, employing what

**The Wollensack 1280 Stereo Tape Recorder.**

appears to be the same tweeter assembly as the Grenadier.

The Maximus I, Maximus II, and Maximus III are interesting new units designed by Goodmans of England, and manufactured by UTC Sound Division (formerly Rockbar); all three are compact units containing varying numbers of the Maximus I woofers with "CAPS"—"Cushioned Air Pneumatic Suspension." Acoustic Research and KLH, long-time Cambridge neighbors and friendly rivals, offer two more entries in the compact speaker stakes: the AR-4 and KLH-Seventeen at $51-$57 for the AR and $69.95 for the slightly-larger KLH.

Grado will show its Laboratory Standard and Mini-Lab speaker systems, and Hartley has reduced the prices of its Concertmaster systems by about $300. J. B. Lansing's Lancer 99 bookshelf speaker systems contain their own audio power sources. Tannoy's new entry, the "Cornetta," is a horn-loaded enclosure designed around the Tannoy 10-inch Monitor Dual Concentric loudspeaker. University has a new component speaker series, the "Mustangs," as well as several complete speaker systems. Utah's new models include the PRO, whose snap-out grille can be changed in seconds. A wide selection of colored fabrics is available, and colors can be chosen to match or accent a color scheme as desired. Wharfedale will show new versions of their Anchromatic speaker systems, the W90, W70, W60, and W40, all with sand-filled, nonresonant baffles.

Many other products will be on view, including a new "professional" headset from Superex, available with individual calibration curves, and a book on record care by Cecil E. Watts, inventor of the Dust Bug, Parastat, and Preener.

# Directory of the '64 Hi-Fi Show

*(Numbers at the end of an entry indicate the room or the rooms in which items are displayed.)*

**Acoustech.** Solid-State amplifiers, preamplifiers and integrated amplifiers, including two new kits. 432, 434.

**Acoustic Research.** Loudspeakers and turntable. 642, 644, 645.

**Acoustica Associates**—Omnisonic lamp-speaker and solid-state receiver. 503.

**Audio Dynamics.** Phonograph cartridges and loudspeaker systems. 333.

**Bell Sound Division.** Tape recorders and amplifiers. 348.

**Benjamin Electronic Sound Corp.** Miracord record changers and Table Consoles, ELAC cartridges. 348.

**Bogen Communications Division.** Tube and transistorized tuners, amplifiers and receivers; variable-speed turntable. 446.

**Bozak.** Loudspeakers and systems. 509, 510.

**British Industries Corp.** Garrard record changers, Wharfedale speakers. 523, 535, 526, 527, 528, 529, 531.

**David Clark Co.** Headphones. 445.

**C. M. Laboratories.** Transistorized power amplifier. 438.

**Concertone.** Tape recorders. 441.

**Concord Electronics, Inc.** Tape recorders. 614, 616.

**Dynaco, Inc.** Amplifiers, preamplifiers, integrated amplifiers, tuners and receivers in kit and wired form; B&O microphones, portable radios, phonograph pickups and tape recorder. 402, 422.

**Eico Electronic Instruments.** Kit and wired components. 335.

**Electro-Voice, Inc.** Microphones, loudspeakers. 309, 312.

**Elpa Marketing Industries.** Thorens turntables, changer and tone-arm; Ortofon arms and cartridges; Cecil E. Watts record care accessories. 349.



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**Empire Scientific Corp.** Turntables, cartridges, tone-arms and speakers. 437.

**Ercona Corp.** Leak amplifiers, speakers, tuners; Ferrograph recorders; PML condensor Microphones. 301.

**Fisher Radio Corp.** Tube and solid-state tuners, amplifiers, receivers and other components; consoles; Fisher-Lincoln changer. 537, 539-40-41, 546.

**Freeman Electronics Corp.** Portable and other recorders and accessories. 650.

**Grado Laboratories.** Speakers, cartridges, tone-arm, turntable, record cleaning device. 341.

**Grommes.** Tuners, amplifiers, etc. 409.

**Harman-Kardon.** Tuners, receivers, amplifiers, etc. 308, 629.

**H. A. Hartley Ltd.** Loudspeakers and speaker systems. 501.

**Inter-Mark Corp.** Cipher tape recorders. 639.

**International Radio & Electronics Corp.** Tape recorders. 440, 442.

**Kenwood Electronics.** Tube and transistor receivers, amplifiers and tuners. 401.

**KLH Research & Development Corp.** Tuner, amplifier, radio, portable and table-model phonographs; several speaker models. 345-6-7.

**Koss/Rek-O-Kut, Inc.** Koss stereo headsets and accessories; Rek-O-Kut turntables, tone arms and cartridge. 601.

**KSC. Systems, Inc.** Speaker systems. 415.

**J. B. Lansing Sound, Inc.** Loudspeakers, power amplifiers, preamplifier. 339, 340.

**Lesa of America, Inc.** phonographs and changers. 553.

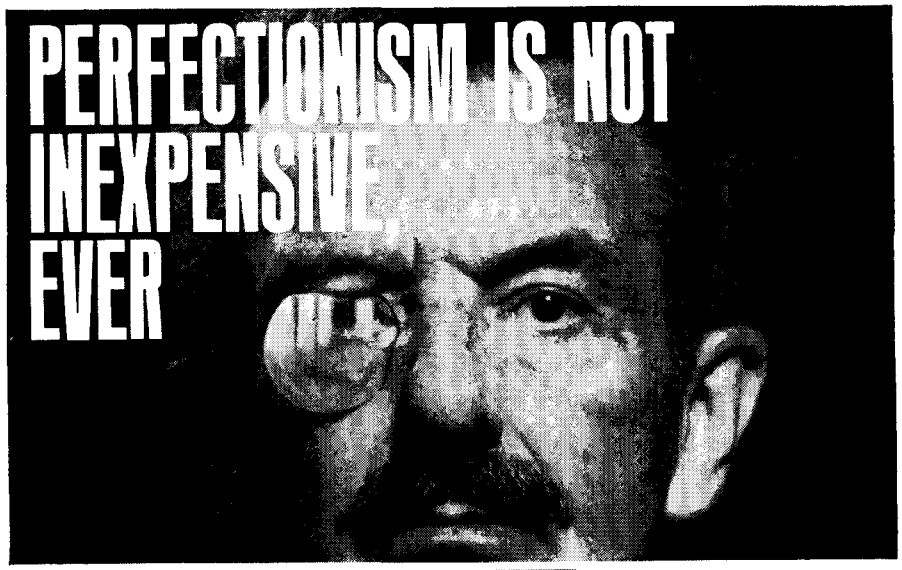
**Marantz.** Tuner, amplifiers and preamplifiers. 424.

**Martel Electronics.** Martel and Uher tape recorders. 519.

**McIntosh Laboratory, Inc.** tuner, amplifiers and preamplifiers. 507, 552.

**Midwestern Instruments.** Magnecord tape recorders. 620, 622.

**Neshaminy Electronics Corp.** JansZen speakers. 307.

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**North American Philips Co.** Norelco tape recorders. 542, 544.

**OKI Tape Recorders.** 429, 431.

**Pickering & Co.** Pickering cartridges; Stanton turntable, tone-arm and cartridge, electrostatic speakers. 640.

**Pilot Radio Corp.** Solid state stereophonic receivers and component consoles. 633, 635.

**Rek-O-Kut.** (see Koss)

**Revere-Wollensak.** Reel-to-Reel and cartridge recorders. 416, 418.

**Roberts Electronics, Inc.** tape recorders. 416, 418.

**Scope Electronics Corp.** EMI loudspeakers; Castagna tone arm. 619, 621.

**H. H. Scott, Inc.** Speakers, tuners, amplifiers, receivers, consoles and consolettes. 627-8.

**Sherwood Electronic Labs.** Tuners, amplifiers, receivers and speaker systems. 524.

**Shure Brothers, Inc.** Compact music systems; cartridges. 623.

**Stanton Magnetics, Inc.** (See Pickering). 646.

**Superex Electronics Corp.** Headphones and accessories. 631.

**Superscope, Inc.** Tape recorders. 428, 430.

**Tandberg of America.** Tape Recorders, speakers, microphones, transistor radio. 330.

**Tannoy (America) Ltd.** Speakers and speaker systems. 343.

**United Audio Products Co.** Dual automatic turntables. 534.

**University Loudspeakers.** Loudspeakers and speaker systems. 407, 447.

**Utah.** Loudspeakers and speaker systems.

**UTC Sound.** Goodmans speakers and speaker systems. 328.

**Viking of Minneapolis.** Tape recorders and automobile cartridge players. 325.

**Weathers Division.** Record-Playing equipment. 600.

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## Moscow "Boris"

*Continued from page 61*

the opera, whether in Boris's role or not. But Christoff's remains the finest recorded projection of the role because it is preponderantly by his way of using his black, imperial voice that he becomes Boris Godunov. London, on the other hand, though he sings well within the physical limitations of his vocal endowment—and reacts to text-lines with unmistakable understanding—has failed to activate a realization that in a recording all (or, at least, as many as possible) of the gestures, stances, and bodily expressions of the character must be conveyed by what is not seen, but only heard.

Probably we never shall have a satisfactory recorded version of either a Mussorgsky or a Rimsky-Korsakov *Boris Godunov*. Such a paragon would require a baritone Boris as composed by Mussorgsky to supply (with the relatively small part of Shchelkalov) the only middle male timbre in the opera, thus setting the tsar off decisively from the bass colors assigned to Pimen and Varlaam. It would require what we have here, the Russian language, an inseparable constituent of the sound of *Boris* (the Serbo-Croat version on London records already loses something; we know from experience that any version in a non-Slavic language loses almost everything). Further, it would require what we do not have here: complete respect for and belief in the drama as well as the music—and therefore no cuts in its unfolding. Better, more theatrically persuasive conducting than that of Melik-Pashaev would have to be another of its ingredients. And for the chief roles we should have to have what Mussorgsky demanded above all—singing actors projecting the shifting meanings of the Pushkin-Karamzin libretto by constant, subtle, modulated changes in vocal emphasis, accent, and color. Lacking that probably impossible paragon, we must content ourselves with the impressive, though flawed, Angel version with Christoff and with this less impressive Columbia version—flawed in other ways—with George London.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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# THE OTHER SIDE

## Mahler by Solti and Barbirolli

THE SEPTEMBER lists, if not unusually generous, wear an unmistakably autumnal, let's get-down-to-serious-business look and do in fact contain something to suit almost every musical palate. Opera-lovers are well supplied by three major albums: Decca's *La Cenerentola* (to which I referred last month), Angel's solid but scarcely outstanding *Andrea Chenier*, and RCA's splendid *Carmen*. The last of these has had a surprisingly tepid reception from certain quarters, but I found it a most exciting experience, thanks largely to Karajan's masterly direction and to Leontyne Price's remarkable performance in the title role, which makes one long to see her play Carmen on the stage. The other principals, too, are first-rate and the recording, made by Decca engineers led by John Culshaw, is so good that one wonders why the company ever bothered with its own Geneva version of *Carmen* last winter.

On the Decca label proper we have, in addition to *La Cenerentola*, several outstanding single discs, two of which feature the London Symphony Orchestra at its superlative best. Under Georg Solti's direction these players give a scrupulous account of Mahler's First Symphony, while their performance of Britten's *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*, conducted by the composer, quite outclasses previous versions of this joyously didactic score. The latter is coupled with the lovely Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings, in which Peter Pears is once more the incomparable vocalist; the intricate horn part, written for the late and lamented Dennis Brain, is splendidly played by Barry Tuckwell, and the LSO strings respond eagerly to Britten's leadership. From a technical point of view both these discs are beyond praise.

The same orchestra is also involved in a new version of Beethoven's *Emperor* Concerto, and Julius Katchen and Pierino Gamba give a brilliant and exuberantly youthful account of the familiar score without, however, penetrating far below the surface of the music. Another Katchen disc marks the second stage of his Brahms project and contains the Piano Pieces, Op. 76, as well as the Fantasias, Op. 116; the playing is strong and purposeful, the recording magnificent.

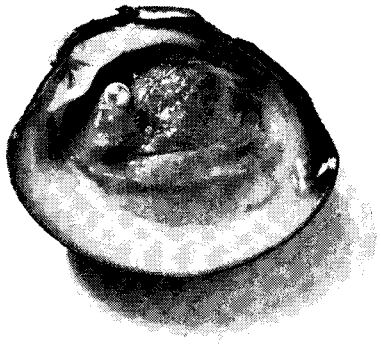
Following its recent Decca debut with two works by Dvorák, the Janácek Quartet now turns its attention to Haydn, three of whose "nicknamed" quartets —the *Serenade*, Op. 3, No. 5. (whose authenticity was, to everyone's surprise, recently called to question in *The Musical Times*), the *Joke*, Op. 33, No. 2, and the *Quinten*, Op. 76, No. 2—receive suave and spirited performances on one admirably recorded disc. A couple of "phase-4 stereo spectaculars" devoted to popular favorites by Tchaikovsky, Ravel, and Borodin require little comment since their interest is technical rather than musical, but I was glad to note that the magnificent Curzon-van Beinum performance of Brahms's D-minor Concerto has been rehabilitated in the cheap Ace of Clubs (Richmond) series. Decca's final offering for September should please Handelians as well as Sutherland fans, for it is a disc containing eleven arias from *Julius Caesar*. As Cleopatra, Sutherland herself contributes no fewer than six of these; the remaining numbers are shared by Margreta Elkins (Caesar), Monica Sinclair (Ptolemy), Richard Conrad (Sextus), and Marilyn Horne (Cornelia), while the New Symphony Orchestra under Bonynge provides lively accompaniments.

EMI's quota, like Decca's, contains a fine Mahler recording: a three-sided version of the Ninth Symphony that brings together for the first time Sir John Barbirolli and the Berlin Philharmonic. It was Neville Cardus who first kindled Sir John's interest in Mahler some years ago (both men are closely connected with Manchester and share a passion for cricket as well as for music), and when the conductor performed the Ninth Symphony in Berlin early last year he was acclaimed by the players no less than by the press and public. The orchestra then asked that they might be allowed to record the work under Barbirolli, and this is certainly a striking and impassioned performance.

Other HMV issues include an attractive foursome of Handel Concerti Grossi from Menuhin and the Bath Festival Orchestra, a beautiful coupling of Mozart's Clarinet Quintet and Clarinet Trio featuring Gervase de Peyer and an opera and song recital by Chaliapin.

On the Columbia label we have a rather tame and noncommittal account of Beethoven's C-minor Concerto from Richter-Haaser and the Philharmonia under Giulini; it is astonishing how different the same orchestra sounds in Klemperer's stereo remake of the four overtures for *Fidelio*. This is a really magnificent disc and a noble complement to Klemperer's complete set of the opera (even if the performance of the

(*Continued on page* 75)

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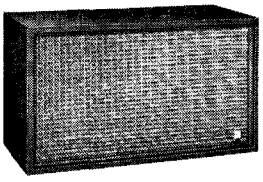

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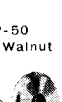

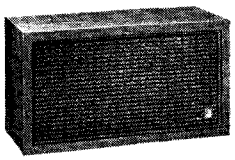

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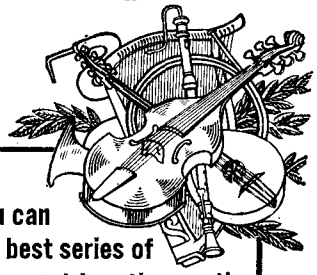

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# The Public Miles Davis

COLUMBIA seems to be culling its Miles Davis releases from concert performances recently. And whereas this involves a certain repetitiousness in repertory (in concert he usually plays pieces he has previously recorded), it does not involve repetitiousness of content, for Davis projecting to an audience is not the same as Davis playing to a studio microphone, and the public Davis, occasional mistakes and all, sometimes challenges himself musically in ways that the other Davis may not.

*In Europe* (CL 2183/CS 8983) comes from the 1963 Jazz Festival at Antibes. It is a provocative recital. Why—one finds himself asking—is he doing that piece so fast? Or why is his opening statement on the other piece so seemingly lackadaisical? Is he bored and impatient with this repertory? But his playing answers such questions almost as soon as they are asked, for in Miles Davis we are listening to a brilliant sketch artist whose abstractions of standards like "Autumn Leaves" and "All of You" are as knowingly precise as they are evocative. Anyone who doubts Davis's far from obvious command of his horn should hear "Joshua." And anyone who doubts his sense of discipline should hear his blues solo on "Walkin'," which ends as his melodic ideas reach a deadlock of elliptical simplicity that is still somehow satisfying.

The pleasures of hearing Davis's sidemen here, George Coleman on tenor saxophone and Herbie Hancock on piano, are not the pleasures of hearing playing that is surprisingly new but of hearing the clarity and precision with which each man has selected and refined his musical vocabulary from the contemporary tradition—particularly so in Coleman's fast *tour de force* on "Walkin'." But the most arresting music after Davis's comes from his young drummer, Tony Williams (then only seventeen). Williams would be an exceptional player if only because of his manifest sensitivity to the sounds of his cymbals and of his tight snare drum. But he is an attentive, understanding, and technically accomplished accompanist, and he is so sure of his craft that, for example, he can momentarily splash away at a large cymbal, building a tension almost at variance with the beat, then release it by plunging back into the momentum of the piece, all without drawing undue attention to himself or obstructing his fellow performers.

—*Columbia Records.*

**Miles Davis—"a brilliant sketch artist . . . precise and evocative."**

An earlier Davis can be heard on half of *Miles and Monk at Newport* (Columbia CL 2178/CS 8978), recorded at the 1958 Festival and presenting a sextet that featured both John Coltrane and "Cannonball" Adderley on saxophones, and also had Bill Evans (*not* Wynton Kelly as the liner copy says) on piano—a group whose work is preserved on only one other recording.

The sustained swing of Davis, juxtaposed against his rhythm section, during his logically unfolded blues solo on "Straight No Chaser" is exceptional. Coltrane darts about in a vertical maze of scales that are played outright or merely suggested, and notes that are played, twisted, and sometimes shrieked. It is as if he were determined to get in every note that could possibly fit, attacked and inflected in every way he could possibly execute. Coltrane is fascinating, whether he is ultimately satisfying or not.

The other side of the LP preserves the 1963 alliance between Thelonious Monk's quartet and clarinetist Pee Wee Russell. A good idea on the face of it, since the analogies between Russell's timeless asymmetry and Monk's obliqueness are striking. But it might have been better to have Russell improvise on Monk's pieces with a group of his own. Here, even in so well constructed



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an episode as his solo on "Blue Monk," the clarinetist's plaintive lyricism seems quiet indeed to be finding itself in this assertive ensemble. There was no rehearsal for the event, by the way, and it shows in an interesting way on "Nutty," as Monk unaccustomedly and precisely lays out the harmonic skeleton of his piece as a preliminary guide to Russell, whose solo, however, ends rather indecisively in mid-chorus.

*It's Monk's Time* (Columbia CL 2184/CS 8984) is more successful, and, granted that I hold reservations about Ben Riley as the right drummer for Monk, it seems Monk's best quartet record in some time. A dual-tempoed "Lulu's Back in Town" begins with Monk exhibiting his delightful talent for respectful satire on the styles of his pianistic elders. "Nice Work If You Can Get It" is embellished only according to Monkian conventions, but "Memories of You" is more deeply mined, and Monk's handling of essentially traditional ideas in his own piece "Shuffle Boil" is as rhythmically refreshing as one expects him to be. Tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse does not play it safe here, and the rapport between him and the leader is sometimes a delight. On "Brake's Sake" Rouse's lines and Monk's romping accompaniment develop into a momentary duet, full of banter and even affectionate insult. The group achieves a variety of textures as Monk accompanies Rouse with barking harmonic reminders, or with fragments of melody—or with nothing at all, suspending the tenor saxophonist above strong bass and subdued drums.

I recently cited a classic Ben Webster LP in this space. And I think that tenor saxophonist's new one, *See You at the Fair* (Impulse A-65/AS-65), might almost be placed beside it. Jazz, we are told, is a young man's art. Yet here is Ben Webster, a better player today than he was in the Thirties or Forties. He has not only accepted his shortcomings (he is no showy sax virtuoso) but at the same time has learned to pace and structure his solos with emotional and melodic order. Some of the ballads on the LP are teasingly brief, particularly a version of "Stardust," a piece on which Webster has had much to say on occasion. But "Fall of Love" shows how beautifully he can paraphrase a theme, and "Our Love Is Here to Stay" how well he can improvise on one more fully. He can even do "Over the Rainbow" without bathos. The set also has a good medium tempo blues, a new version of "In a Mellow Tone," and there is some very good piano by Hank Jones on several pieces. An improviser by definition takes chances, but Webster takes his chances with a mature sureness of what he is about.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.


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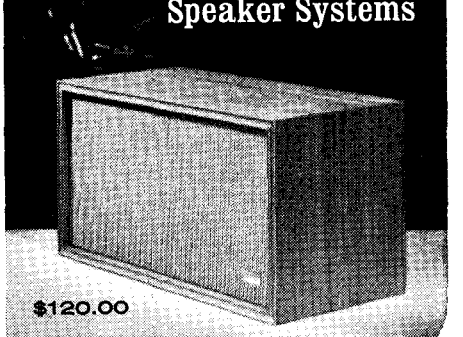

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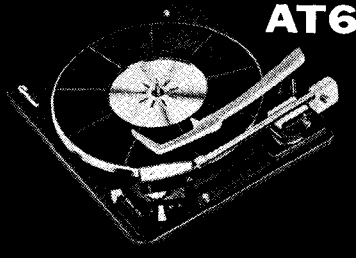

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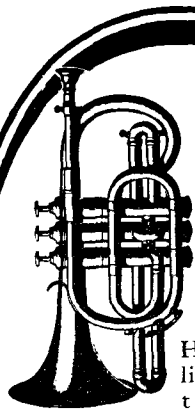

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# Harlem Yesterdays

FEW of the many jazz categories have ever been well defined artistically, but the labels attached to them, like flags of convenience, have served their purpose for easy reference. Thus styles have been identified by the cities in which they originated, such as New Orleans, Chicago, and Kansas City, and even by a region as extensive as the West Coast. Yet the greatest of all jazz centers, New York, never gave its name to a style, perhaps because it drew unto itself and digested all the others.

"I can tell a New Orleans band from a Chicago or St. Louis type any time, but New York, of course, doesn't have any particular style," bandleader Fate Marable once said, "because it has everybody's way of playing." But no matter how great the regional reputation, the talented jazz musician or band had, as Coleman Hawkins has testified, to come for judgment and the final seal of approval to New York, and specifically to the city within a city—Harlem.

In the third three-record volume of its *Jazz Odyssey*, Columbia now presents *The Sound of Harlem* (C31-33). The set covers 1920-42, a period roughly similar to that of its two predecessors, but the music, not surprisingly, is more varied in scope. It is accompanied by an unusually valuable, thirty-six-page booklet by George Hoefer, who places a mine of information at the reader's disposal in an illustrated section entitled "Harlem Jazz Spots Then and Now." This is virtually a directory, detailing as never before the histories, addresses, and often bewildering transformations of clubs, theatres, and dance halls famous in the jazz story.

More than the equivalent areas in Chicago or New Orleans, Harlem was influenced by the values of show business, particularly when it developed as an entertainment area for white visitors. Harlem musicians competed with the songwriters of Broadway and Tin Pan Alley, the pianists with notable success. Eubie Blake, for example, wrote "Memories of You," James P. Johnson "If I Could Be with You," Luckey Roberts "Moonlight Cocktail," Claude Hopkins "I Would Do Anything for You," and Fats Waller and Duke Ellington created innumerable song hits and show tunes.

In this collection of forty-eight recordings, arranged more or less chronologically, it is the pianists who also impress first as performers (Eubie Blake and James P. Johnson), closely followed by the trumpet players (Bubber Miley, Johnny Dunn, Rex Stewart, Joe Smith, and Tommy Ladnier). The early singers, reed players, trombonists, and rhythm sections are far from remarkable, with the dazzling exception of Sidney Bechet, whose buoyant soprano saxophone solo transforms an otherwise rather pedestrian performance of "In Harlem's Araby." There is a dwarfing number from Bessie Smith (the true Empress of the Blues) with appropriate accompaniment by trombonist Charlie Green, but several of the other singers have to cope with dubious lyrics and double entendre of the kind then popular in cabarets. "My Man o' War," a masterpiece of this genre by Spencer Williams and Andy Razaf, is sung by Lena Wilson and would alone have been adequately representative.

RECORDINGS by Gertrude Sanders, Fess Williams, Gladys Bentley, and Alberta Hunter were presumably included to assist perspective and illustrate historical premises. While effectively dispelling any illusions about the Twenties being an age of unrelieved splendor in Harlem jazz, they suggest some of the obstacles that uncompromising jazz musicians overcame and also emphasize the triumphs of Louis Armstrong, who is heard here in "Ain't Misbehavin'" and "Funny Feathers."

The Thirties are somehow almost immediately better. On "Draggin' My Heart Around," one of his first recorded vocals, Fats Waller strikes a new note, at once relaxed, realistic, and humorous. "Listen, baby," he sings, "can't them trills bring you back to me? Listen to my pleadin' on the ivories!" Infectious drive and enthusiasm characterize Ward Pinkett's trumpet playing and scat singing on "Hot Lovin'," where Richard Fullbright and Bill Beason furnish exciting rhythmic support. Dicky Wells's Shim Shammers (three kazoos and rhythm) create a marvelous blues atmosphere in "Baby, Ain't You Satisfied?"; Pete Brown is heard at his best in Frank Newton's "Brittwood Stomp"; and Billie Holiday sings "You Can't Be Mine" with Lester Young and a Basie contingent of 1938. For the rest, it is mostly the big bands in their heyday.

Harlem and its Savoy ballroom anticipated the Swing Era and played a major part in it. Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington, the masters of the big-band idiom, are represented here respec-



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tively by "Livery Stable Blues" (1927) and "Double Check Stomp" (1930). There is also, from 1929, "The New Call of the Freaks" by the exceptional Luis Russell band, a ten-piece group which included such soloists as Henry "Red" Allen, J. C. Higginbotham, Charlie Holmes, and the New Orleans clarinetist, Albert Nicholas. In addition, the final record in the set (devoted to the years 1931-42) contains the work of no less than eleven different big bands.

The big-band "sound" was very familiar to Harlem ears at this time, not merely in ballrooms, but also in theatres and the bigger clubs, and, though it took the instrumentation for granted, the audience was discriminating. It appreciated the Chick Webb band for its tempos and swing, Jimmie Lunceford's for its precision and imaginative arrangements, but the show band that was a hit at the Apollo Theater did not necessarily score with the dancers at the Savoy. The criteria of the Harlem ballroom held, in fact, a brief ascendancy, but when they were overwhelmed by those of show business the decline of the big jazz groups was inevitable.

Chick Webb's band plays its theme here, "Let's Get Together," in an arrangement by Edgar Sampson recorded in 1934, before the discovery of Ella Fitzgerald had set the leader on a new course. There are solos by Reunald Jones, Sampson himself (showing, like Charlie Holmes, the prevalent influence of Johnny Hodges), Sandy Williams and Elmer Williams, but it is the ensemble in the last few bars—fading, flaring up, and fading again over the authoritative drums—which exquisitely expresses the essential spirit of the Swing years.

The final track contains a hitherto unissued performance of Thelonious Monk's "Epistrophy" by the Cootie Williams band, a fitting reminder that Harlem had, after fostering "stride" pianists and big bands, provided the incubator for bop.

—STANLEY DANCE.

## The Other Side

*Continued from page 71*

actual *Fidelio* overture is the same one in both cases); admirers of this great ensemble will no doubt be pleased to learn that the New Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus will open its 1964-65 season at the Albert Hall on October 27, when Dr. Klemperer, as Honorary President, conducts Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies in aid of the New Philharmonia Trust, while later events so far scheduled include a Kodaly-Bartok-Stravinsky program under Dorati and the Verdi Requiem under Giulini.

While Deutsche Grammophon surprisingly confines its September activities to the launching of a new series of middling-cheap mono reissues, there is no shortage of fresh material from Philips-CBS. The American half of the partnership offers the latest Horowitz collection containing music by Chopin and Debussy, as well as Beethoven's *Pathétique* Sonata, the fine, Serkin-led Marlboro Festival performance of Beethoven's Triple Concerto, some ebullient Bernstein readings of Rossini and Latin-Americana, and a rather disappointing account by the augmented Budapest Quartet of Schubert's sublime C-Major Quintet.

There is yet more Beethoven on Philips, where two discs contain the five Sonatas of Opp. 14, 22, and 49 played by Sviatoslav Richter and Oistrakh's fine performance of the Stravinsky Concerto. Arrau's coupling of the Grieg and Schumann Concertos, with the Concertgebouw under Christoph von Dohnanyi, I find disappointing, but Souzay's latest recital, devoted to arias by Handel, Rameau, and Lully, is a sheer delight; it contains a wealth of lovely and comparatively unfamiliar music and Souzay's cultivated vocalism is matched by wonderfully stylish accompaniments from the English Chamber Orchestra under Raymond Leppard.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.


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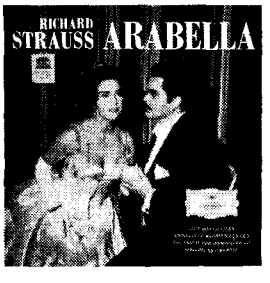


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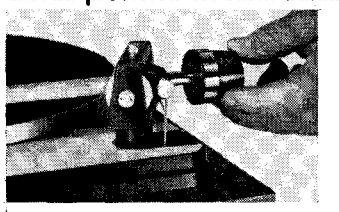

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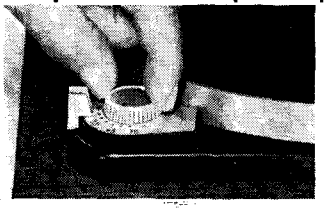

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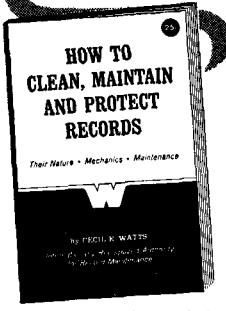


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# Music To My Ears

*Continued from page 33*

whether called *Cendrillon, Aschenbrödel,* or *Cenerentola.*

Lest it be assumed that this is a failing totally Russian, let it be imagined what Igor Moiseyev's dance company, or Pavel Virsky's Ukrainian Folk Ballet might have made of a comparable opportunity. We have seen enough of a broad cross-section of Soviet dance as it is practiced today to recognize that, in the long-established companies of Lenigrad and Moscow, the prevailing emphasis, the fundamental tone, relates—however they may differ otherwise—to the "style" of the school in which the dancers are reared, the discipline to which all the bodies are trained to conform. This produces miraculously responsive muscles, but, also, rather stunted spirits. The larger outlet for individual expression cultivated by Moiseyev and Virsky would, I am sure, have produced ugly sisters as funny as Ashton's and twice as entertaining as Sergeyev's, as well as a Cinderella whose spirit was in her mind as well as her feet.

The three performances of *Sleeping Beauty* were productive of much excellent execution, whether the Aurora was Kolpakova. Alla Sizova, or Gabriella Komleva, and whether the Prince was danced by Soloviev or Oleg Sokolov. The best of the girls remains the alluring Sizova, whose large endowment of heart and mind manages to transcend the prevailing tendency to conformity. As before, the best of this *Sleeping Beauty* is in the well-staged vision scene and in the brilliantly danced divertissement of Act III.

Among the Kirov's assets on this visit is a young conductor named Victor Fedotov. Some of his tempi, especially in Tchaikovsky, seemed designed more for the convenience of his dancers than in consideration of the composer, but he was, in all circumstances, assertive and, in many, discriminating.

—Irving Kolodin.


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## LETTERS TO THE

# RECORDINGS EDITOR

### Folk Songs for PCVs

THANK YOU VERY MUCH for the review by Lawrence Cohn of folk music song books in *From Pictures to Poetry* [*SR*, June 13]. We're glad to see some good collections coming out and really appreciate his fine comments and evaluation.

I am a Peace Corps Volunteer working, along with six other PCVs, at Los Negros, a leprosarium located between Santa Cruz and Cochabamba. Some of us here and in Santa Cruz play at the guitar and banjo but, with the exception of our memories, we have no song books, guitar or banjo notations, or vocal arrangements. We would like to order *The Nearly Complete Collection of Woody Guthrie* from Ludlow, *The Young Folk Song Book* from Simon and Schuster, and *Ewan-MacColl-Peggy Seeger Songbook* from Oak Publications but we do not know these addresses. Would it be possible for you to send us these three addresses so that we might order directly from here?

We receive *Saturday Review* once or twice a month from the Peace Corps office in Cochabamba. With it, a few other magazines, and the Voice of America we keep up pretty well with the outside world. Thank you very much for your help.

(Miss) JOYCE BOWDEN,
Peace Corps Volunteer.

Cochabamba, Bolivia.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ludlow Music may be addressed at 10 Columbus Circle, as Simon and Schuster may at 1 West 39th St., and Oak Publications at 165 West 46th St., all in New York City.*

### Tapes to Swap

I AM VERY MUCH INTERESTED in exchanging some tapes with any of your subscribers who happen to have any Jussi Bjoerling recordings taken off the air. I have a 1950 recording of Bjoerling singing *Don Carlo* (this was Bing's opening opera at the Met), in which some of your subscribers may be interested. I can be addressed at 46 Billingsley Drive, Livingston, N.J.

THOMAS MUNRO.

Livingston, N.J.

### Hearing the Harpsichord

IN A LETTER TO the Recordings Editor [*SR*, Aug. 22], Kurt E. Weil asked for a solution to "the puzzle of the inaudible harpsichord" in both recorded and live performances of the Virtuosi di Roma and I Musici chamber ensembles. If one recalls that the role of the harpsichord in these string ensembles is the filling out of a figured continuo part, then I think the answer can be found in an article entitled "Chamber Music," by the great musicologist, Donald F. Tovey, in Volume I of the Second Edition of *Cobbett's Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music*, page 246. In his discussion of the correct treatment of the continuo part, Tovey stresses that this part should not be filled out with a tone on the same plane as the real or upper string parts. The correct tone is a soft, background sound for accompaniment with a fulness of harmonic treatment. Philipp Emanuel Bach considered the piano to be even better than the harpsichord for continuo work, but Tovey reminds us that this requires extremely full filling out of the chords, the smoothest pianissimo, and no sense of percussion at all. These requirements are far different from the solo or tutti uses of these instruments. It would appear that the almost inaudible continuo keyboard part is academically correct.

BENJAMIN SIMKIN, M.D.

Los Angeles, Calif.

### Where to Find Out

RECENTLY I HAVE READ reviews by Victor Seroff in *SR*/Recordings of records by a new company, Ultraphon Records. Could you supply me with the address of this company or pertinent information as to where I may purchase these records? Thank you for your consideration.

MRS. IRA J. BAILES.

Merriam, Kan.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ultraphone may be addressed at 69 South Moger Avenue, Mt. Kisco, N.Y.*

### Rossini Data Wanted

IN CONNECTION WITH a critical biography of Gioacchino Rossini that I am writing, I should greatly appreciate it if anyone owning autographed letters, scores, or other documents relating to him would write me at 14 Washington Place, New York, N.Y. 10003.

HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

New York, N.Y.

### More on MHS

Another fine article by Richard Freed ["Heritage by Mail," *SR*, July 25]! The information about reissues is not only interesting but important to purchasers.

He might have gone further to note that 501, 502 and 505 also are certainly reissues on Musical Heritage Society of Epic/Philips items.

Equally interesting, I think, are 500, 508, 509, 510 and 517, which have all just been dropped from the same catalogue. They have obviously been reassembled from the contents of seven Vox records: 450, 463, 540, 740, 810, 860 and 16250 (as well as their stereo counterparts).

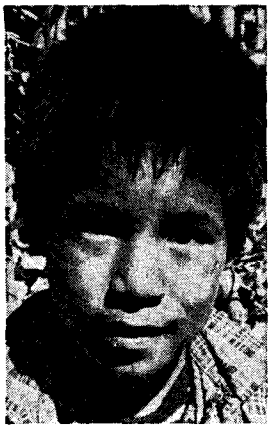
Thank you for your fine coverage.

JEROME F. WEBER.

New York, N.Y.

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. asinine. 2. sinecure. 3. resin. 4. sinewy. 5. bassinet. 6. desinence. 7. singsong. 8. insinuate. 9. raisin. 10. disintegrate. 11. absinthe. 12. Sinai. 13. insincere. 14. sinister. 15. cousinage.

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*(Continued on Page 80)*



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*(Continued from page 79)*

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1590

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. *The "Quaker Poet", 1807-92.* | 102 33 201 39 164 190 133 92 |
| B. Left behind by change of fashion. | 125 171 73 67 10 138 7 135 |
| C. Decreed beforehand. | 161 79 45 147 118 198 15 8 |
| D. Slang for an intellectual. | 111 71 83 50 108 86 30 |
| E. At close quarters (3 wds.). | 85 48 193 110 106 4 40 207 88 96 |
| F. Muskrat. | 174 204 57 112 153 132 195 |
| G. Was familiar with (2 wds.). | 150 34 78 157 104 170 |
| H. Put in order. | 12 74 189 29 179 64 105 87 134 182 |
| I. Victor Hugo's beautiful dancing girl who had a pet goat. | 70 56 21 100 168 155 19 163 89 |
| J. In anticipation. | 131 158 126 98 23 61 94 41 137 199 |
| K. Where one may hold something small (3 wds.). | 62 69 139 11 76 35 197 119 146 |
| L. By transference, a pugnacious man (2 wds.). | 77 109 151 128 177 160 63 120 9 68 49 27 |
| M. Showy musical passage, esp. a strain of triumph. | 114 25 192 36 16 81 59 65 |
| N. *In the case of lawlessness, what constituted authority should put* (3 wds. after an). | 142 169 47 46 5 194 154 95 90 |
| O. Gave a sign of assent or recognition toward (someone; 2 wds.). | 82 22 122 156 28 55 136 166 |
| P. Name given in World War I to certain psychoneurotic conditions caused by modern warfare (2 wds.). | 173 148 162 3 196 51 107 205 143 117 |
| Q. About thirty days since; implied in the business abbreviation *ult.* (2 wds.). | 43 188 145 184 152 17 124 186 |
| R. Conforming to the particular genius of a language. | 103 101 208 149 175 121 127 26 32 |
| S. Commands a view (3 wds.). | 80 44 183 6 130 58 91 206 165 54 |
| T. At some time before midnight tonight (2 wds.). | 209 116 202 176 172 72 14 31 99 |
| U. Through the quiet "of the Mahim woods" (3 wds.; Kipling's *Gypsy Trail*). | 129 37 97 178 60 203 167 141 75 |
| V. Cyclopean (comp.). | 123 180 93 2 20 24 38 |
| W. Anything of little importance; without particular significance (2 wds.). | 140 144 84 187 13 42 181 115 53 159 1 |
| X. *Variety*'s inclusive expression for the entertainment world (2 wds.). | 185 52 113 200 18 66 191 |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.*

| | | | | | | | 1 W | 2 V | | 3 P | 4 E | 5 N | 6 S | 7 B | 8 C | | 9 L |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 10 B | 11 K | 12 H | 13 W | 14 T | 15 C | 16 M | 17 Q | 18 X | 19 I | 20 V | | 21 I | 22 O | 23 J | 24 V | | 25 M |
| 26 R | 27 L | 28 O | | 29 H | | 30 D | 31 T | 32 R | 33 A | 34 G | 35 K | 36 M | 37 U | 38 V | | 39 A | 40 E |
| 41 J | 42 W | | 43 Q | 44 S | 45 C | 46 N | | 47 N | 48 E | 49 L | 50 D | 51 P | 52 X | 53 W | 54 S | 55 O | 56 I |
| | 57 F | 58 S | | 59 M | 60 U | 61 J | 62 K | 63 L | 64 H | | 65 M | 66 X | 67 B | | 68 L | 69 K | 70 I |
| | 71 D | 72 T | 73 B | | 74 H | 75 U | 76 K | | 77 L | 78 G | 79 C | 80 S | 81 M | 82 O | 83 D | | 84 W |
| 85 E | 86 D | 87 H | | 88 E | 89 I | 90 N | 91 S | 92 A | 93 V | | 94 J | 95 N | 96 E | | 97 U | 98 J | 99 T |
| 100 I | 101 R | | 102 A | 103 R | 104 G | 105 H | | 106 E | 107 P | 108 D | | 109 L | 110 E | 111 D | 112 F | | 113 X |
| 114 M | | 115 W | 116 T | 117 P | 118 C | 119 K | 120 L | | 121 R | | 122 O | 123 V | 124 Q | | 125 B | 126 J | |
| 127 R | 128 L | 129 U | 130 S | | 131 J | 132 F | 133 A | 134 H | 135 B | | 136 O | 137 J | 138 B | | 139 K | 140 W | |
| 141 U | 142 N | 143 P | 144 W | 145 Q | 146 K | | 147 C | 148 P | 149 R | 150 G | 151 L | 152 Q | 153 F | | 154 N | 155 I | 156 O |
| | 157 G | 158 J | 159 W | 160 L | 161 C | 162 P | 163 I | | 164 A | 165 S | | 166 O | 167 U | 168 I | 169 N | | 170 G |
| 171 B | 172 T | | 173 P | 174 F | 175 R | 176 T | 177 L | 178 U | 179 H | 180 V | 181 W | | 182 H | 183 S | 184 Q | | 185 X |
| 186 Q | | 187 W | 188 Q | 189 H | 190 A | 191 X | 192 M | 193 E | 194 N | 195 F | 196 P | | 197 K | 198 C | 199 J | | 200 X |
| 201 A | 202 T | 203 U | | 204 F | 205 P | | 206 S | 207 E | 208 R | 209 T | | | | | | | |

Solution to last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.



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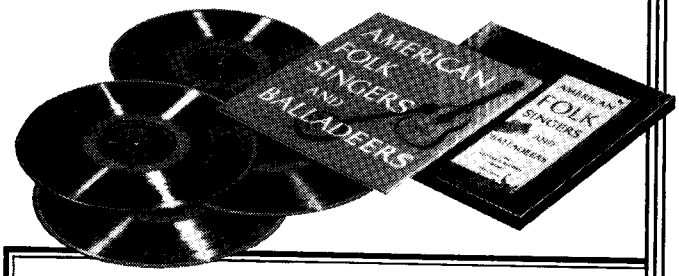


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**JOAN BAEZ**
Barbara Allen
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Mary Hamilton
Babe, I'm Gonna Leave You
Matty Groves

**ERIK DARLING**
True Religion
Woody Knows Nothing
Fod
I'm on My Way

**JACK ELLIOTT**
Roving Gambler
Diamond Joe

**IAN and SYLVIA**
When First Unto This Country
V'là I'bon vent
Katy, Dear
Rambler Gambler
C.C. Rider
Ella Speed
The Greenwood Side
Jesus Met the Woman at the Well

**ODETTA**
Midnight Special
Boll Weevil
I Know Where I'm Goin'
Special Delivery Blues
Devilish Mary
If I Had a Hammer
Hold On
Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child

**THE ROOFTOP SINGERS**
Stagolee
Houston Special
I've Been Working on the Railroad

**MIKE SEEGER**
Little Moses
Young McAfee on the Gallows

**THE WEAVERS**
Woke Up This Morning
Below the Gallows Tree
A-Walkin' and A-Talkin'
Bye, Baby, Bye
When the Stars Begin to Fall
The Banks of Marble
My Ramblin' Boy

**HEDY WEST**
The Brown Girl
Cotton Mill Girls

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The Old Account Was Settled Long Ago

**CLARENCE "TOM" ASHLEY, CLINT HOWARD, FRED PRICE, JEAN RITCHIE, DOC WATSON**
Amazing Grace

**MAYBELLE CARTER**
The Storms Are on the Ocean

**LESTER FLATT, EARL SCRUGGS and the FOGGY MOUNTAIN BOYS**
Salty Dog Blues
Jimmy Brown the Newsboy

**SAM HINTON**
Starving to Death on a Government Claim
I'm Just a Damyankee
I Had a Bird

**MISSISSIPPI JOHN HURT**
See, See, Rider
Stack O'Lee

**IAN and SYLVIA**
Un Canadien Errant

**BESSIE JONES, JOHN DAVIS and THE GEORGIA SEA ISLAND SINGERS**
My God Is a Rock in the Weary Land

**BROWNIE McGHEE and SONNY TERRY**
Long Gone, Long Gone

**DOC WATSON**
Groundhog
Little Orphan Girl

**DOC WATSON with CLINT HOWARD and FRED PRICE**
'Way Downtown

SOME TIME AGO, The Classics Record Library, a Division of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., set out to assemble a representative collection of folk music sung by the finest folk artists of our day. The Vanguard Recording Society gave us *carte blanche* to select the best performances available from their wealth of recorded music. We were also permitted to draw upon their collection of performances recorded at the famous Newport Folk Festival last summer.

The result is an album of authentic songs and ballads—folk music that is "perhaps the most endlessly enjoyable art there is," according to music critic John M. Conly. Because this brand-new album is available only through The Classics Record Library and not sold through retail stores, the Book-of-the-Month Club is permitting interested collectors to listen to the records at home and, if not fully satisfied, to return the album to the Club within ten days, without charge.

**IMPORTANT: This four-record album is offered only by The Classics Record Library and is not available in record stores**

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